

THE ARTIST.

MARCH, 1843.

THE POLISH COUNTESS.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE EDITOR.

Continued from page 256.

Octavian brought Fabiano a second letter, which he had managed to get from the post-office in the same way as the former one. Its contents were:—

“MY DEAR GENERAL,

“I have borne up against my griefs until this moment, but now I feel that my fortitude deserts me.

“Your letter, which I received last Tuesday, has overwhelmed me with despair.

“All the exertions you have made in my behalf have thus been utterly fruitless! No intelligence! not one single word of comfort! You also now despair of success!

“Oh! if heaven would only once again open the gates of Warsaw to me! I doubt not that my own eyes, my own heart would so direct me, that I could not but succeed.

“Forgive me, forgive me, my good old friend. It is not that I doubt your unceasing exertions.

“In the name of Heaven do not allow me to despair; rather than that, deceive me!

“I do not ask the truth, I ask only for life.

Your friend Hortensia.”

It took Fabiano but a few minutes, after reading this letter, to reach the Casa Braschi. The door being open, he ran up the staircase, entered the anti-room, and in a careless, easy manner, ordered the servant in waiting to announce him to the countess; the man hesitated. Fabiano told him that business of the highest importance required he should see the lady.

The servant went into the adjoining room. Fabiano but indistinctly heard some muttered words and the rustling of a gown. It appeared to him that some difficulties were being made as to his admission.—However, in a few minutes the door was again opened, and he heard the countess

say, “request the Count Valdi Nota to walk in.”

Fabiano assumed his most elegant and fascinating deportment, and entered the saloon as the servant quitted it.

The apartment was furnished in that splendid manner for which the houses of the upper classes in Genoa are so celebrated. The ceilings were painted by Perino del Vaga. Family portraits by Luca Giordano and Solimene ornamented the walls—two girandoles of magnificently cut glass stood upon the lapis-lazzuli chimney piece. Fabiano saw nothing of all this, he had eyes only for the countess, who was standing to receive him, her arms negligently crossed before her; he bowed respectfully to her, and approached her tremblingly; for the first time in his life his self confidence appeared to have abandoned him.

“I thank you, madam,” said he, “for having permitted me the honor of presenting my respects to you.”

“My doors, count” replied the lady in a firm and decided tone, “are always open to those who have important matters to communicate.”

“Yes, madam, a serious affair has brought me hither.”

“Serious to yourself or to me, Count?”

“You will judge of it yourself, madam; but before mentioning it allow me to express how much I have been disappointed at no longer meeting you at my noble

cousin's, the Marchioness Amalia Bonzi."

"I have not paid any visits since last week."

"Your illness, on board the Cambrian, has had no unpleasant consequences, I hope?" asked Fabiano, in a very marked tone of voice.

"No, Sir—I had forgotten that, as one forgets every thing that happens at a ball"

"How happy are you, madam, in possessing so complaisant a memory. For my part, I have the misfortune not to forget any thing. I remember even that my heart entertained a hope which I feel myself compelled to restore to her who inspired it."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"And I unfortunately, madam, had misunderstood you—I must reveal to you all my faults."

"Ah! then you have committed faults?"

"I am mistaken, madam, they were crimes—"

"I cannot possibly, Count, listen to a confession. Those who have crimes to confess should go to the neighboring church, there offer up their repentance, and get them pardoned."

The Countess had remained standing, shewing clearly that she did not mean to grant a long interview; she pronounced these words in the coldest manner, at the same time raising her hand towards the door. Fabiano remained silent, seemingly a prey to contending emotions; at last the countess said, smiling sorrowfully,

"I am still waiting to receive the communication of the important affair which—"

Fabiano shuddered upon hearing these words, for they were delivered in too quiet a tone to permit, even him, the vainest of men, to entertain the slightest hope. A demoniacal rage seemed almost to choak his utterance as he exclaimed,

"I hope at least, madam, that you will not deliver me over, bound hand and foot, to your Marquis Viani. Were I to ask your love, I should not be astonished at

your refusal, but all that I now ask is your generosity."

"You are then much afraid of the Marquis Viani."

The Sicilian volcano at once burst forth. "No madam, it is not the Marquis Viani whom I fear, it is the Genoese Inquisitor. But, remember, madam, if you have my secret, I am in possession of yours."

"My secret, sir," said the countess advancing a step nearer to Fabiano.

"Yes, madam, and that is the important affair which brought me to your house. Denounce me to your Viani—tell him that I had the audacity to love you, and let him drive me out of Genoa! and I will tell him that you are in secret and guilty correspondence with the chiefs of the late Polish revolt; that you are conspiring here, as you conspired before with your exalted friend, the Countess Plater."

"In the name of heaven, sir, speak lower, or do not speak at all," exclaimed the countess, pale and trembling, and clasping her hands entreatingly.

"Yes, madam, I will speak lower, but you must listen to all I have to say. I will tell the Marquis Viani that your coquettish gaiety is only a mask to cover the face of an amazon; that the most distinguished of the generals in your insurrection, I need not utter his name, is the mysterious agent of your plots, and that from Paris he renews your wildest hopes; I will tell him, also, that in Warsaw there exists a being—"

The Countess Hortensia rushed towards Fabiano, and placing both her hands over his lips, said to him, in a suppressed voice, "Stop! demon that thou art—Not a word more!" and then fell fainting into an arm chair.

Fabiano upon witnessing the agony of the countess was devoured by a thousand contending feelings; he walked with hurried steps up and down the room, and once, as he turned round, he mechanically raised his eyes, and observed a newly painted picture, bearing the signature of the artist Wiganoski—Warsaw, January,

1832. It was the full length portrait of a Polish General, undoubtedly the husband of the countess. He looked at it hurriedly, but so as to impress it upon his memory.

The countess remained immovable as death; there was an awful solemnity in her grief; she looked like a funeral statue, sculptured by Michael Angelo, upon the tomb of the Medici. Fabiano contemplated her with that triumph which a perverted mind enjoys, when it can sway that of a haughty woman by an irresistible power, and make her sue for mercy. He, however, had considered himself but too fortunate in being stopped in his last phrase,—“*In Warsaw there exists a being*”—What could he have added to these words?—Nothing. Doubtless his usual tact would have enabled him to surmount all difficulties, but the words and the action of the countess had served him beyond his hopes; he stood before her with the triumphant air of a man possessed of direful secrets, and who only awaits some new provocation to crush and confound his victim.

“Count,” said Hortensia, in a tone that would have softened the most obdurate heart, “a woman, an exile, a friend of your family, entreats you to leave her.”

Fabiano for some time maintained a sullen silence: he then said, “May I be permitted to hope that I shall again see you?”

“Surely sir, you have too much delicacy, to prescribe conditions at such a moment as this.”

“Well, then, madam,” replied Fabiano, “it is at such a moment that I will venture to address a prayer to you.”

“By your present demeanor, sir, will be regulated my future conduct towards you.”

Fabiano hesitated a few moments, gave a last look at the countess, in which tenderness had succeeded to the menacing air he had before assumed, and, bowing respectfully, said, “Although I might command, yet I have the magnanimity to obey

you, madam,” and he left the apartment. Antonini was in the anti-room. “I was waiting for your excellency,” said he. “You did rightly; be sure to meet me to-morrow morning at ten o’clock, upon the Carignan Bridge.”

THE MAGNOLIA.

The lovely exile absented herself from Genoa, and took up her abode at a country house belonging to her aunt, the Marchioness Braschi, and there she remained during a whole week, without a visiter to intrude upon her solitude. Every evening she seated herself beneath a magnificent magnolia tree, from whence she contemplated the beauties of the setting sun as it sunk into the sea, and then abandoned herself to the reflection of her own misfortunes.

On the seventh evening she thought she perceived some change in the appearance of the wild flowers which grew round the place; several of them had been trodden down, and the grass near the magnolia itself had been partly cut. Upon looking more closely at the tree, she was alarmed to find that an inscription had been newly carved upon its trunk. It ran thus:

TO A YOUNG WIDOW WHO WILL GROW OLDER.

A day of joy,		Life's but a toy,
A day of sorrow,		'Tis gone to-morrow.

The first impulse of the countess upon seeing the inscription, was to fly to the house, but it was so short that she had read it almost as soon as she had observed it. “Who could have written it” thought the countess, “not the Marquis Viani, for it is cut with too firm a hand. It could not be the Sicilian Count, his character is too violent to allow the thought that he would, particularly after his outrage of last week, be satisfied with modestly visiting a tree—that would be too unlike him. There is only one other who could have done it—the noble Count de Mersanes—it must be he—it is the visiting card of a French gentleman.”

The Countess searched all round the tree expecting to make some farther discovery, when she observed that in one

part the grass had been pulled up, and there was a small square heap of leaves put together with seemingly great care. She looked around her; there was not a living soul within her view; she bent forward and carefully removed the leaves; under them was concealed a letter, which she withdrew from its hiding place, her hand trembling as though it held the poniard of Psyche. There was neither address nor signature to it, and it was unfolded. She readily comprehended the delicate intention of its author; had it been found by any but the person for whom it was written, it could not in any way have compromised her—as it was, to her it needed no such indication; every word, every sentiment it conveyed, bore to her mind the indelible conviction that it was meant for her, as will be plainly shown by its contents:

“If this paper should not meet the eyes of the person for whom it is intended, the first torrent of summer will bear it from the mountain to the sea. And this is not a vulgar destiny.

“I would say to her who, perhaps will never see this, that I wish her to give implicit credence to my words; it appears to me that truth reveals itself as clearly as the rays of the sun, that it falls upon the paper with a lambent glory playing around each word.

“I have attained the age of thirty-three years; an age at which men ought to die, for it is then that the illusions of youth begin to dissipate. Before this age arrives we have all lost a parent, a friend, a lover, a vocation: we already begin to feel that there is nothing farther to be gained upon earth but wrinkles and grey hairs.

“It is at that age one feels that it is religion only which is the serious object of our existence; and should faith be wanting, or even feeble, we turn feverishly around, searching the horizon, and finding nothing which affords real consolation to the heart.

“My father died when I was only ten years old; at school I had formed a friendship with a young lad, whom I loved as tenderly as a brother; he was an orphan, my mother adopted him. One day—it is now three years ago—I never beheld a more lovely day—the sky was serenely beautiful, the sun shining with more than wonted splendor; the heavens appeared to give a fête to our poor earth. The earth acknowledged it in notes of thunder; for on that day brother was armed against brother, and the devastating can-

non mowed down hundreds of fellow countrymen. These things happened on the 29th of July, 1830, at Paris; a day of mourning, as are all days of victory. My friend joined the throng who were combating for their rights—I accompanied him; a hundred thousand arms were raised for liberty. The drums beat a charge, colors were hanging from the balconies, the smoke from the musketry obscured the sun; men were shouting from the barricades, women applauding from the windows; I suddenly heard a piercing shriek, I turned to my friend, he was pale and staggering; I caught him in my arms, he had only time to clasp my hand and bid me farewell before he expired. A ball from a Swiss musket, fired from the Tuileries, had pierced his breast. I bore his body home; my poor mother was so amazed and horrified at this sad spectacle, that she fainted; she never recovered the shock and died within two days. Sudden grief kills as effectually as a leaden bullet.

“There are griefs which waste themselves in tears; there are others which exhaust the fountain of tears, and which continue to exist even with smiles. Of the latter description are the griefs I suffer, and I hoard them as a treasure.

“Long before this dreadful bereavement I had loved a young and beautiful woman; she wept with me this double loss: I had thought that I would never marry any one but her. Another cruel fatality! my young betrothed fell ill, and accompanied by her mother, sought the genial climate of Sorrento to regain her health. I followed them into Italy; there I assisted at a third funeral. My affianced wife died. Death is as powerful in Naples as in Paris.

“From that moment life became a burden to me; it appeared to me that I brought death to every thing that I loved, to every thing I approached; I did not dare to look with pleasure upon a flower, fearing that it would wither in my sight. For several months I dragged on a miserable existence; at length my reason became impaired, and I formed the dreadful resolution of putting an end to my existence.

“I made my will, leaving my whole fortune to the mother of her I was to have married; I wrote a letter to the French ambassador announcing my intended suicide, and having thus placed myself in a position which compelled me to destroy myself, I left the habitations of men never to return to them.

“It was on a Sunday, I walked to the sea side, searching for some secluded spot, where I should only have the rocks as witnesses of my melancholy fate. I had approached a sequestered corner, when just before arriving at it, my progress was prevented by a religious procession accompanied by a large crowd of peasants from a neighboring village, who crossed the path I was taking. It was Ascension Sunday, and the priest was per-

forming the ceremony of blessing the fruits of the earth, and the productions of the sea. An old peasant placed in my hand, one of the silk cords attached to the banner of the Virgin which was borne in the procession. This singular incident struck me forcibly; it seemed to me that the great patroness of heaven had extended the hand of mercy towards me, to prevent my committing the fatal act upon which I had resolved. I could not resist the appeal, and I accompanied the procession, and entered with it into the lowly church of Resina, whose only protection against the eruptions of the neighboring volcano, is the cross above its porch.

I remained two days in the precincts of this humble sanctuary, where I continually saw the simple hearted peasants approach the shrine full of fear and sorrow, and leave it comforted and rejoicing. I appeared to have passed into another world. A new horizon opened itself before me. I began to feel that with the aid of religion, all moral griefs were capable of remedy, as most physical disorders can be relieved by the balsam which can be extracted from the plants of the gardens and the hills. Instead of the settled sorrow which had so long oppressed my heart and maddened my brain, I felt a soothing and holy melancholy enter my soul which is, perhaps, the continual feast spoken of in the holy writings.

My first life was terminated; I had all the advantages of a resurrection, without having passed the ordeal of the tomb. For the Future I felt no apprehension, the petty tribulations and embarrassments of this world could no longer influence one who had surmounted so great a trial.

"I resolved never to return to France, in order that she whom I had constituted my heiress might peaceably enjoy the legacy left to her by my will. I returned to my hotel at dusk, and entered my apartment without seeing the master of the house. I found every thing there in the same order in which I had left it. The packet for the ambassador was untouched. I took my pocket-book, and all the valuables I had left there—I packed up a small portmanteau of clothes, and then called one of the Lazzaroni, who are always lounging about the door of an hotel, and made him take the portmanteau to the Mole, where I embarked on board a felucca bound to Civita Vecchia.

"I wandered through most of the cities of Italy. I visited Sienna, where I remained a year, and Florence, where I prayed before the Madonna of Cimabue, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. All my former thoughts, and particularly those which had led me to suicide, had been banished from my mind. The troubled heaven of my soul had disappeared, and it seemed to me that these pilgrimages, to the holy places of Italy, had purified me as by a second baptism.

"It was after this that a bright vision appeared to me, first beneath the fir trees of the Villa Pamphili, and a second time under the arches of St. Peter's, in the form of a woman, more lovely than the fairest goddess painted by the hand of Raphael, in his Olympus. Oh! inconceivable weakness of man! I closed my eyes that I might not see this woman, but I found her brilliant image vividly impressed in the darkest recesses of my memory, as though some supernatural power had already engraven it upon my heart.—To that woman I consecrate my future life."

Genoa, June, 1833.

The Countess Hortensia felt happy at being alone at such a moment; for, notwithstanding her almost masculine fortitude, she would not have been able to master the emotions which betrayed themselves in her features and her gestures. What sentiment could have given rise to these powerful emotions? She could not herself define it. After having read the letter, she no doubt felt that mysterious perturbation which does not proceed from an already existing passion, but is the precursor of it. Isolated and an exile, pursued with relentless obstinacy by two men, the one all powerful by his position in society, the other by his riches and audacity, she ventured to ask herself whether she ought not to accept the protection and support of this young and noble Frenchman, who appeared to have been saved the horror of committing suicide that she herself might be saved by him.

The letter which she had received the day following the ball, on board the Cambrian, had informed her that all her property in Poland had been confiscated; and although she hoped to be one day indemnified for the spoliation, she would be compelled to remain with the Braschi family until some favorable turn of circumstances occurred. To leave Genoa till then appeared impossible.

Tortured by these distressing considerations, the Countess Hortensia read over, again and again, those passages of the Count de Mersane's letter, in which the sincerity of heart and the undoubted loyalty of its writer were clearly manifested. She did not venture to come to any determina-

tion, nor did she wish to hurt the feelings of Anatole by any proceeding which might evince either indifference or disregard for him. She folded the letter and placed it in her bosom; then looking again at the inscription upon the Magnolia, she plucked off one of its beautiful flowers and placed it in her hair. At this moment a sudden noise arrested her attention, she turned round and perceived a man suddenly rise out of a clump of dwarf oaks which grew a few paces from the magnolia; he threw himself upon his knees, clasped his hands and raised them fervently to heaven.

This man who seemed to rise out of the earth, as an apparition, was Anatole de Mersanes.

The Countess Hortensia remained immoveable; for a few moments she seemed panic struck; but her wonted courage came to her assistance, and her energetic mind throwing off the first effects of fear, she said smilingly, "Pray rise, sir, do not allow me to think that you are suing for pardon."

"My having thus intruded on your privacy," replied de Mersanes, advancing towards the Countess, "requires that I should ask your forgiveness, but I have not forgotten that you deigned to permit me to present my respects to you—however, my being here now is purely the effect of accident."

"Accident!" said the Countess, laughing incredulously, "accident! These Apennines only extend some four hundred leagues, and accident has brought us both to the same spot and at the same moment. Such things have happened!—"

"Have the goodness to listen to me for a few moments, madam, and you will then perhaps excuse a boldness which I see has displeased you. On Tuesday last," continued the Count, "I was sitting, at sunrise, upon the bridge of Carignan—for I like to watch the first dawning of his rays upon the mass of houses discernible from the top of that colossal arch. A miserable mendicant was sleeping a few paces from me; a ray of the sun falling obliquely on

his eyelids suddenly awoke him—he looked about him and observing me, the first thing he did was to approach me and ask for alms. I thought it incumbent upon me to be more than commonly generous toward one who had the bridge of Carignan for a bed, the starry firmament for a canopy, and the sun for his chamberlain. On his part, the beggar conceived it necessary to chant out a longer rigmarole of thanks than usual, in that beautiful Italian language, which appears to have been invented expressly for music, for begging, and for love. At this moment a servant, wearing a livery which I thought I recognized, ascended the bridge. He was walking at a rapid rate. After having looked about him a short time, he approached the mendicant, and said:—

"Would you like to earn a crown-piece?"

"Undoubtedly; but I should like better to earn two."

"Listen to me attentively. You must not stir from this bridge."

"There is not much difficulty in that."

"At precisely ten o'clock," rejoined the servant with very deliberate emphasis, that the beggar might not lose a word he was saying, "you will see a handsome young man, dressed as finely as though he were the governor's son; he will come upon the bridge—you will know him by his decided and lofty manner, and his sparkling eyes—he will be looking for a person whom he will not find—I am that person. You will go up to him and say, is not your Excellency looking for Antonini—mind that you do not forget that name."

"Oh, yes—Antonini—Antonini."

"He will say he is. You will then tell him that Antonini was obliged to leave the city this morning, at seven o'clock, and that he is gone with the Countess, her aunt, and all her servants to pass the summer at the Villa Braschi—have you fully understood me?"

"Never fear—I will deliver your mes-

sage as correctly as you could yourself."

"Here, take what I promised you, and when I return I will not forget you."

"This is some love affair, eh?" said the beggar cunningly.

"That is no business of yours. Do as I have told you, and hold your tongue."

"All this appeared very singular to me, and I hope you will pardon my having thought it necessary to wait upon the bridge in order to ascertain who this mysterious personage could be, who had so much influence over one of your servants. I withdrew to an eminence on the farther side of the bridge, near the church of Carignan, from whence I could perceive all that passed. At the appointed hour I saw the Count Fabiano Val di Nota ascend the bridge. The beggar went up to him and executed his commission. The Sicilian made a gesture indicative of vexation and surprise, striking the air with his cane as if to revenge himself upon some one for his disappointment; he then turned round and ran back towards the city. This, madam, is the accident which revealed your retreat to me. I had ascertained that one of your servants was betraying you, and I feared that this bold man was combining some plot by which your safety might be endangered; it was this which induced me to conceal myself here that I might be at hand, should my assistance become necessary."

"I thank you, sir, for the friendly interest you have been pleased to evince towards me," said the countess, with some emotion in her voice, "be so good as to give me your arm till we reach the house; you must rest yourself there for a short time, and I will introduce you to my aunt, the Marchioness Braschi."

Anatole and the Countess walked silently towards the villa—it was close by—upon reaching it they found several of the servants employed upon the terrace in unrolling and fixing up some awnings.

"Is he among them," said the countess

in a half whisper, "do you recognise him?"

"I recognise him perfectly—it is the man who is not working, and who is looking at us."

The countess made a sign to Antonini to approach, which he did immediately.

"On Tuesday last, Antonini," said the countess, "at seven o'clock in the morning, you were on the Carignan Bridge."

"I was, madam," replied Antonini with a bare-faced effrontery, which might have been taken for innocence.

"What were you doing there, at that hour?"

"I was taking a walk."

"You spoke to a beggar there?"

"Very possibly—I like to give alms in the morning. You, countess, have set me that example."

"You gave a message to the beggar?"

"What message, madam?" said Antonini, turning pale.

"Your question is in itself a falsehood. Antonini, you are a miserable wretch; you have betrayed your mistress, and you shall be punished for it as you deserve. I shall deliver you into the hands of justice."

Antonini threw himself at the feet of the countess, and implored her to pardon him.

"Leave the house this instant, this very instant," rejoined the countess, "I will not hear another word. And now," said she, turning to Anatole, "I will present you to my aunt and leave you with her for a short time. I have a few words to write to the secretary of the Marquis Viani."

This letter, which reached the city before Antonini, was to request the chief of the police to arrest Antonini and ship him off immediately in some vessel for Civita Vecchia—the said Antonini having been from charity taken out of the Mendicity Hospital, at Rome, by the Countess Hortensia and employed in her household as a servant.

The day was near its close when Ana-

tole de Mersanes took leave of the Countess Hortensia. They were alone and standing at the summit of the mountain, from which they looked down upon the city of Genoa. Steps cut in the side of the rock conducted to a road at a considerable distance below.

"You were perfectly right, count," observed Hortensia, "it was a very singular chance that made you acquainted with the treachery that was going on."

"I do not believe in chance," replied Anatole, "I believe in a Providence that watches over and protects noble minded and virtuous exiles."

"You no longer believe then in that fatal influence which you thought attached to you."

"Oh! madam!" exclaimed the young man rapturously, "then you acknowledge that you have read my letter, and you forgive me having written it."

"I have read it, sir, and I believe all that it contains!"

The countess held out her hand smilingly to Anatole, who pressed it respectfully and murmured out some words of adieu.

"Do not forget this staircase," said the countess.

"It is the staircase to heaven," replied Anatole, turning round on the fourth step, "I pity him who is obliged to descend it."

"I know one count who never shall ascend it—but that is not you—farewell."

When Anatole had arrived at the foot of the stairs, he looked up to catch a last glimpse of the countess. It seemed to him that he had descended Jacob's ladder, and that all the angels, excepting one, had gone to their celestial habitations: that one, was observing his progress and extended her hand towards him to take leave of him. He resumed his walk towards Genoa his mind full of delightful fancies, and hope which had so long been banished from his bosom held out to him the prospect of a happy future.

The servant who was sent with the letter respecting Antonini's arrest, was desired to point him out to the police. Measures

were immediately taken—three stout sbirri were employed in the business, and they pounced upon him a few yards from the East gate, just before entering the city. He made a violent resistance, but his antagonists were too many for him, they beat him severely, dragged him into a boat and carried him off to a felucca belonging to Flumicinio which was to sail the next day, and gave him in charge to the captain, with a written order from the chief of the police to land him in the Roman States, and stating that he, the captain, would be made responsible, if he allowed Antonini to escape.

Antonini was a young ultramontano of great intelligence; cunning in the extreme and possessing much audacity and resolution. He judged of the importance of the services which he had rendered and which he could still perform by the superabundant precautions which had been taken against him. He readily comprehended that his fortune would be made if he could only apprise the Count Val de Nota of what had happened. Keeping all this in view and determined upon taking advantage of any favorable accident that might occur, he threw himself down upon a coil of rope which was lying on the deck, and pretended to go to sleep;

At nightfall the captain ordered the cabin-boy to take the boat and fetch a supply of fresh water from the fountain of St. Cristoforo, which stands near the port.

The cabin-boy busied himself in getting ready, and as he passed close by Antonini to reach an empty barrel, he felt a hand touching his naked foot, and saw another hand holding out to him two large and very shining pieces of money. This was an immense treasure in the eyes of the cabin-boy—he stooped down as if to coil a rope upon the deck, and looked more closely at the coin, taking care to put one ear near Antonini's mouth. In this position he distinctly heard these words although they were pronounced in the softest whisper. "Take these two crown pieces, when you come back I will give you two

more. Fly as swiftly as a swallow to the Piazza Amorosa; knock at the door of the first palace on the right hand, and desire the servant who opens the door to inform the Count Val di Nota that Antonini is a prisoner on board the Vergine del Carmelo and that not a moment is to be lost. If he should ask you any questions, tell him all you have seen."

The boy took the money, kept on coiling the rope that he might not be suspected, and whispered to Antonini, "Piazza Amorosa, the Count Val di Nota—Antonini."

"Quite right," said Antonini, "now away with you."

The boy jumped into the boat. The captain was supping with his crew not six yards from where Antonini was lying.—The boy possessed that intelligence for which the lower classes of Italians are celebrated above those of all other nations; he fulfilled his commission to the letter.

In about an hour the Count Fabiano made his appearance on board of the Felucca, he was as brilliant as a casket of jewels; the crew of the Vergine del Carmelo, composed of six ragged fellows, bowed to the ground before him, the pale moonlight shewing the magnificent figure and splendid costume of the Sicilian Nobleman to great advantage.

"Where is the Captain?" cried Fabiano, with a tone of authority that would have suited a Viceroy of Sicily.

"I am the master of this vessel," humbly replied the poor padrone.

Fabiano then asked him several questions, as to the port the vessel belonged to, her cargo and other matters, which being replied to, he said, "Here is a purse full of gold—look at it—feel it. Take me immediately within two musket shots of St. Pietro d'Arena. You need not set your sails—there is no wind. Get up your anchor and out with your sweeps."

The crew eagerly did as they were ordered, and the Felucca got out of port, and was directed towards the point indicated by Fabiano. When the little ves-

sel had got passed Villa Bianca, he commanded the captain, in an imperious tone, which admitted of no reply, to lower his boat. "I will purchase the boat," said Fabiano, "it is worth three crowns—I give you fifty for it, and this silver watch and chain—take them."

The poor people threw themselves upon their knees before the Count.

"And now, Captain of this nutshell, pay attention to what I am about to say to you—I forbid you ever to return to the port of Genoa! I give you full liberty to trade in every other port of the Mediterranean, but at your peril never revisit Genoa. There is a present for your crew, and I take from you my servant who some villains had kidnapped from me. Here, Antonini."

Antonini rose in an instant, and jumped lightly into the boat with Fabiano. The captain perfectly astounded, stood gaping on, pressing his red cap between his hands. In five minutes the boat was on the beach before Villa Bianca—an aged servant opened the door of the house and then withdrew.

"Attend to me," said Fabiano to Antonini. "You must not stir from this house during ten days. Remember that you belong to me—that to me you owe your liberty, and that I am in possession of your secret. You are young, brave, intelligent. I will do great things for you. From this moment you are to play a new part in the world. You have a good memory for names—you recollected mine and that of my residence, although you only heard them once—this good quality alone will make your fortune. This is my library—you can read, I know—you must learn by heart the title of every one of these books; the titles only mind, you need not trouble yourself to examine their contents. You must let your mustachios and your whiskers grow, like a Calabrese. You will study the attitudes represented in these portraits and accustom yourself to imitate them. In my dressing-room you will find some of my clothes—take those which fit

you best, and habituate yourself to wearing them, and to feel at home in them. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly; your excellency shall have no reason to complain of me."

"You will hold yourself in readiness to attend to my orders in ten days; in the meantime my old housekeeper will take good care of you. I must now return to Genoa or the gates will be closed for the night. But stay, two words more.—you were turned out of doors at the Villa Braschi because you were suspected of serving me—was it not so?"

"Certainly, your excellency."

"Was it the Countess herself who dismissed you?"

"Yes, herself; but it was her lover who denounced me."

At the word lover Fabiano bounded as though he had been bitten by a rattle snake. "Her lover! her lover!" exclaimed he, "who is this lover?"

"A tall gentleman, dark and pale, the Count de Mersanes—he was at the Villa Braschi, when I left it this morning."

Fabiano clenched his hands and writhed his arms in perfect agony; but he soon mastered the emotions which wrung him to the soul, and addressing Antonini in a calm tone of voice which contrasted frightfully with his previous agitation, he said, "tis well! be careful, and follow the instructions I have given you."

As soon as he had got out of the house he flew rather than ran towards that part of the country in which was situated the Villa Braschi. Too impatient to follow the road which led by gentle zig zags up the high mountain on which it stood, he took a straighter course leaping over the enclosures which at every moment impeded his progress. After much fatigue he arrived at the foot of the staircase, cut in the rock, which he mounted and then stealthily approached the house. The demon of jealousy had taken complete possession of his mind; he hid himself in a small copse from which he could discern the door of the house—every thing was

perfectly tranquil around him, not a sound was heard but the beating of his own heart which vibrated with frightful violence. He remained during the whole night watching for the egress of his fortunate and hated rival, his hand constantly on the hilt of his dagger and determined to immolate him to his revenge. At last the day began to dawn and Fabiano withdrew from his hiding place, fearful of being discovered by the servants from some window of the house. Taking advantage of several clumps of trees, he crept to the top of the staircase which he hurriedly descended, and then concealed himself behind some caper bushes, thinking that his rival must pass that way to get to Genoa. Souls inured to crime have no faith in the purity of others! The sun rose majestically above the Appenines; its first rays shewed to Fabiano the enormous shadow of a man thrown across the road, the head of the shadow almost reaching the bushes in which he was hid. Fabiano clutched his dagger still more firmly; he soon perceived however, that the shadow was that of an elderly man, carrying a letter which he kept looking at, seemingly fearful to lose it. He passed close by Fabiano, who recognising him as one of the countess's servants, allowed him to proceed some little distance, and then leaving his hiding place, kept him in view till he entered the city. The servant went straight to the Hotel Michel, Fabiano following him, and entering it at the same time, with the easy air of a traveller in search of an apartment. He heard the man ask whether the Count de Mersanes lodged in the hotel, and upon being answered affirmatively, he gave a letter to the porter telling him that it must be delivered to the count as soon as he should be stirring.

Fabiano immediately withdrew, he had succeeded in gaining the information he sought, and he at once resolved on the course he should pursue. Although it was still very early, he went to the house of the Marquis Viani, knocked boldly at his door and desired the servant

to announce him. "The Marquis has not yet left his room, sir." "That is of no consequence," said Fabiano, "I can wait; tell him, however, that I am here."

Fabiano was, by order of the Marquis, immediately admitted to his dressing room.

The young Sicilian arrayed his face in joyous smiles, wishing to conceal the traces of agitation which his restless night had occasioned; he with apparent eagerness shook the Marquis by the hand, exclaiming, "I can with truth address to you, my dear Marquis, that beautiful verse in the eleventh canto of Dante—

*"O sol che sani ogni vista turbata
Tu mi contenti——"*

"You are a wonderful man my dear Val di Nota. It is surprising to see one so young imbued with so noble a passion for learning."

"Ah! Marquis," replied Fabiano, with a melancholy shake of the head,—"*I have been early taught the vanity of the pleasures of this world—though young, I have the experience of an old man—my habits have always been regular—I go to bed early and rise at day break. Nothing delights me so much as to witness the rising of the sun. What a magnificent spectacle! How often do I look with an eye of pity upon those young madmen, whom I fall in with at that hour, returning from some disgraceful nocturnal rendezvous, and who appear to reproach the sun for shining so early, as if to denounce their folies and their crimes.*

"Yes, Count Fabiano, you must often at that hour, be initiated into singular mysteries."

"Mysteries, do you call them—crimes; this morning even my walk has revealed to me strange things; but we will converse upon some other subject."

"Come, come," said the Marquis, "you must tell me what you have discovered this morning,—I like to hear these things, it shall, of course, go no farther."

"Oh! my dear Marquis, it would be impossible for me to tell you, who know

all that passes, anything that can possibly interest you."

"How do you know that?—but go on."

"You insist upon it? Well then," rejoined Fabiano, "appearing to do a violence to his feelings, "well then you must know that this morning as I was taking my favorite walk upon the mountain, I saw coming from the Villa Braschi—but guess who it was I saw?"

A frightful paleness spread over the face of Viani. Fabiano continued without appearing to notice it.

"What! cannot you guess? It was the Count Anatole de Mersanes, that young Frenchman—and his dress was in peculiar disorder."

"Where had he been?" asked the Marquis, in an almost inaudible voice.

"I should think that could be very easily imagined."

"How? you cannot surely mean, my dear Fabiano—you cannot think—the Countess."

"My dear Marquis take this for an axiom; wherever you see a Polish lady, there you will be sure to find a Frenchman. It is the doubly culpable association of politics and love. And now, my good friend, look upon this as though you had not heard it. Shall you be at the opera to-night?"

"Count Fabiano this is a more serious affair than you conceive."

"Oh! I see as clearly into it as you can. It is a Polish Club which is being organized up yonder, under the auspices of Cupid."

"Precisely."

"It appears even that the Count de Mersanes had forgotten something, I know not what, at the Villa Braschi, for as I was coming to call upon you, I passed Michel's Hotel, and there I recognized a servant of the Countess, who was carrying a letter to Mr. de Mersanes. I have heard that a certain class of lovers never separate but to write to each other. Our friends seem to have attained that point."

"You may perhaps be mistaken, Count Fabiano."

"Well, Marquis, that is easily ascertained. Send one of your cunning fellows to the Hotel; nothing can be more natural. Let him ask if a letter left there from the Villa Braschi for the Count de Mersanes, had been punctually delivered to him."

Viani rang his bell, and with trembling lips gave the necessary orders.

"My dear Marquis," continued Fabiano, affecting an air of total indifference, "your house is furnished very splendidly—What a beautiful Holy family that is—by Carlo Dolce, is it not?"

"Eh!—yes," said the Marquis, hardly knowing what he said.

"That Holophernes is remarkably fine—it is by one of the Caracci. Is it by Louis or Annibal?"

"Louis."

"What a magnificent descent from the cross—one would know it for a Sebastian del Piombo, at a hundred paces; and what a ravishing Canaletti! I will give you two thousand crowns for that picture, Marquis—will you take it?"

"No, Count—to tell you the truth, this affair occupies my mind considerably—it is not the little love affair—that is of no importance."

"Oh! of course; love is always a bagatelle."

"I merely look at the affair in a political point of view," said Viani.

"That is precisely my idea."

"Count Fabiano, the safety of the State is my first consideration."

The messenger returned stating "that the letter brought by a servant that morning, from the Villa Braschi, had been delivered to M. de Mersanes."

"You see, Marquis," said Fabiano, "this is love at fever heat, a letter after a rendezvous."

"You are losing sight of the principal question, my dear Count."

"We must wait patiently, and watch events as they occur."

"What do you mean by waiting?" exclaimed Viani—"shall we allow the evil to increase. No—I shall use the discretionary power entrusted to me against foreigners suspected of political intrigues."

"Perfectly right; you will have him arrested at once?"

"I shall do what I have done twenty times since 1830, and often under less suspicious circumstances than the present. I thank you heartily, my dear Count, for having given me a hint of these intrigues."

"Rather thank the chance which gave this turn to a scientific conversation. Shall I set the story afloat?"

"Not for worlds," ejaculated the Marquis, "we must keep it perfectly secret; it must only be known to you and I. My measures shall fall upon the criminal like a thunderbolt."

"I will say to you, Marquis, as Dante says to Virgil '*Maestro, il senso lor m'è duro.*' The import of these words is terrible."

"You always quote most happily. Farewell Count."

"Marquis, I kiss your hands."

Fabiano did not go far from Viani's house. He wished to watch the movements of the police agents whom Viani would set in motion, and to ascertain whether his operations were properly and ably directed.

During the time that Fabiano was closeted with Viani, De Mersanes had received and read the letter which had caused their interview. Its contents were as follows:—

SIR:—

To be a foreigner and proscribed are two claims upon the consideration of a French gentleman. Do not think harshly of this step, but consider my position. You are expected this evening at the Villa Braschi. Take the longest road, and be careful that you are not seen

"THE COUNTESS H."

Avoid the Magnolia.

De Mersanes had unsealed it with trembling hands; its contents filled him with

rapture. How was he to spend the eternity of hours between that time and the evening? He looked around him and blushed to think how little he had to offer of the riches of this world, to the noble and lovely woman, whom he now felt persuaded, meant to share her future destiny with him. He would have shrunk from offering her his hand, fearing that the world might have considered him as a needy adventurer, anxious to better his own condition, had not the lady to whom he had bequeathed his estate, immediately on hearing that he was not dead, generously resigned all title to it, and had even remitted to him the rents she had received. Having thus quieted his conscience on this head, all his thoughts were directed to the Villa Braschi.

Burning with that feverish impatience which does not allow time for reflection, De Mersanes dressed himself, as gaily as if he had been going to a ball, and sallied from his hotel, the walls of which were too confined for his aspiring thoughts. Hope and joy were depicted in his expressive countenance so forcibly, that even the passers by might have observed that he was full of happiness. He traversed the widest streets of the city, and looked with pity upon the opulent proprietors of those noble palaces, who were not rich enough to purchase even one smile from the goddess of his idolatry.

His ecstasies were suddenly interrupted by Count Val di Nota, who had been watching the movements of his rival. He accosted him laughingly in the middle of the Strada Nuovissima, saying, "By what lucky chance, my dear Count, do I meet you here at so early an hour. You have been perfectly invisible of late; and dress'd too, i'faith, as though you were going to a ball before breakfast."

"Count Val di Nota," replied Anatole, somewhat confounded by the unexpected rencontre, "I thought you were at the Villa Bianca. I have called twice at your town house to pay my respects to you."

"The tyranny of visits is perfectly in-

tolerable," rejoined Fabiano; "do not let there be any useless forms of that kind between us. Come, without ceremony, to-night to my aunt's, the Marchioness Grimaldini's. We have a little concert and a supper."

"To-night," stammered Anatole—"to-night—I fear it will be impossible. I am expecting a traveller—a Frenchman."

"That need make no difference," said Fabiano, "you can bring him with you. Let me tell my aunt you will come. Well, if you cannot come to the concert come to supper—come at any hour you like—eleven o'clock—midnight if you will."

"I am really very sorry, but I cannot come to-night; besides which I always go early to bed—it would completely upset all my habits. I am as regular in them as an old man."

"I see you do not wish to oblige me, Count de Mersanes, but never mind. I do not bear malice—my motto is, liberty to all. You will come some other evening, will you not, Count?"

De Mersanes bowed assent, shook hands with Fabiano, and breathed more freely when he had got rid of him, though he could not help wondering to what cause he owed this new and fervent ebullition of his friendship.

In the Countess's letter he had read, "take the longest road." Anatole felt anxious to get without the walls of Genoa, and he settled upon making a long round to reach the Villa Braschi. As soon as he had got outside of the fortifications, he directed his steps towards the Albano hill, and from thence to the long line of aqueducts, which he purposed reaching about an hour before sunset.

After walking a short time, he observed with some uneasiness, that three armed men were following the same direction, and kept looking at him with particular attention. He thought at first that they might be sportsmen; but still it seemed singular that sportsmen should be there, at mid-day, in the month of June. He endeavored to distance them by moving

on at a more rapid pace, but they still kept up with him; if he stopped they stopped; if he sat down, they sat down also, and then laughed and mocked at the annoyance they occasioned him.

The Count de Mersanes irritated by the conduct, and more so, by the ironical gestures of these men, walked up to them with that boldness of manner, which is sometimes more influential than a weapon, and asked them in a firm tone, whether they had the intention to follow him long in that manner.

"No," said one of them, "we arrest you now by order of the King."

And the other two seized hold of the Count, with a vigor which proved that Viani knew how to choose his agents.

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Anatole, "I should be glad to learn by whose authority?"

"You will soon know it, when we get down yonder. Oh! do not pretend to offer any resistance, it would be useless and perhaps even dangerous for you. Look there, there are three of our companions coming from the East-gate; you see you are between two fires."

"But there must be some mistake," exclaimed Anatole.

"No, there is no mistake about it; follow us, and you will soon see."

All opposition would have been futile. What could one man do against six? Anatole resigned himself to his fate.

They descended the mountain to the guard house at the port of Pilla, where de Mersanes was locked up. The chief of the *Sbirri*, police soldiers, shewed him the order for his arrest. It was in due form, sealed with the royal arms, and commanded the immediate expulsion from the States of Charles Albert, of the Count Anatole de Mersanes, for political intrigues, and for having guiltily connived with refugees and proscribed persons.

Nothing could have been more appalling to Anatole than such an occurrence, at such a moment; for some time he was in a perfect agony of rage, but after a while

he reflected upon the utter uselessness of any thing like argument with the miscreants who had arrested him, he seated himself on a miserable mattress, and awaited his fate with resignation.

Towards evening the door of his prison was opened, and the armed escort which had conducted him there, accompanied him to the sea side. Off the battery of La Scuola, laid a boat with four rowers, who were waiting for the prisoner. Two men, armed to the teeth, got into it with the young Frenchman. The chief gave a signal, and the boat immediately put off.

With the last glimmerings of twilight, Anatole observed a small vessel lying at anchor, and at only a musket shot distance from her, he perceived the dark and colossal shadow of the Cambrian. The sight of this vessel, which recalled a night passed so happily, plunged him into a profound melancholy.

The captain of the Genoese Bombard, the *Assumption*, had orders to convey his prisoner to Marseilles, and to put him on shore there. All the baggage of the young foreigner had been taken from the hotel and put on board this vessel.

De Mersanes felt assured from the excess of mystery and precaution evinced by the police, that his arrest had been caused by the jealousy of some rival who feared his influence over the Countess, and this convinced him the more that some dreadful plot was being carried on against her.

All these circumstances made his detention so much the more overwhelming. He trembled for her safety, and the thought that he was prevented affording her assistance at so critical a juncture, almost maddened him. The letter he had received, plainly indicated that the Countess herself apprehended some treacherous proceeding, and had sent for him to protect her against it. To what cause could she attribute his absence? He felt assured that she would not accuse him of indifference to her wishes. He had no means of informing her of his position; the people who surrounded him, were all in the pay of the govern-

ment, and it would be worse than useless to attempt to persuade either of them to deliver a letter at the Villa Braschi—it would only serve to compromise the Countess still further. His sole resource was to trust to chance for his deliverance. He, therefore, affected great indifference as to his situation, and entered into conversation with the captain of the vessel, on the popular topics of the day.

The boat was sent on shore, and they soon got up the anchor and hoisted sail. There was hardly a breath of wind, and De Mersanes laid himself down by the

step of the bowsprit, wrapped himself up in a sail that was lying close by, saying, that he would there enjoy the freshness of the evening, and sleep more comfortably than he could below.

"Well," said the captain, "he is a brave young fellow, and seems determined to make the best of it."

The wind freshened by degrees—there was not a moment to be lost—De Mersanes quietly slipped off his coat and waistcoat, crept from under the sail which covered him, caught hold of a rope, and let himself down noiselessly into the sea.

(to be continued.)

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

BY J. J. L.

I stood beside a public way,
Where men pass'd to and fro,
And there was a mound of fresh turned clay,
And I ask'd who slept below:
And some among the crowd replied,
It was the grave of a suicide—
A wandering son of woe;
But none could tell the stranger's name,
His sorrows, or from whence he came:

I gazed upon the unhallow'd spot,
And thought what biting care,
What burning griefs had been the lot
Of him who rested there,
What clouds dark-gathering day by day,
Had chased his light of hope away.
And left him to despair;
Till friendless, joyless, hopeless he,
Plunged in thy gulf—Eternity!

'Twas his—that dark and thrilling grief,
That winter of the mind,
When Hope drops off like the last green leaf
That is swept away by the wind;
And the heart is left like the blighted tree,
A ruin and a mockery;
And all that once had twined
In fondness round it, shrinks away.
And leaves it to its lone decay!

And there was none to drop the tear,
And none to heave the sigh—
No faithful spirit lingering near
To look its last "good bye!"
Alas! not one—unwept, unknown,
The cold earth o'er his corpse was thrown,
Without one moisten'd eye:
No wail was utter'd—no prayer was said,
For the stranger who sleeps in that lonely bed.

SONG.

BY O. R.

My bark is wreck'd, my hopes are gone
And faithless friends are fled;
A cloud upon my path is thrown,
The flowers of life are dead.

Yet link'd to this lone heart remains
A charm no change may sever,
For when were true Love's sacred chains
By Fortune broken?—Never!

How like an ocean voyage seems
The changeful course of life!
The pleasant airs and sunny beams—
The tempest and the strife!

In pleasure's bark with comrades gay
The young adventurers start;
But ah! what flattering dreams betray
The too confiding heart!

THE SICK CHILD.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

A WEAKNESS seizes all my limbs—I struggle to be strong—
 But all in vain ; I feel—I feel I shall not be here long.
 I would I might abide on earth till spring hath brought its flowers—
 I would that I might breathe my last 'mid April's balmy showers !

For now the wind is blowing cold—so very cold and sad ;
 And yet—and yet, it may be so, I might not like it glad.
 The snow is drifting into heaps—the ice is on the lake ;
 At night I watch the winter moon, I lie so oft awake.

I gaze upon the smiling sun when there is not a cloud—
 I shall never see its brightness when I'm wrapt within my shroud ;
 But I shall view a brighter scene when I mingle with the sod—
 For I shall see unblinded then the glory of my God !

It may be so—I cannot tell—I yet may last till June—
 I yet may see the roses blow, and the soft summer moon.
 I long to leave my heated couch, where feverish I lie !
 I long—I long to feel the breeze before the day I die !

I do so gasp for air and light ! I cannot bear this gloom—
 It seems to me much darker than the darkness of the tomb !
 But this is fretful—let it pass, for I am not so now—
 For oh ! I feel the dews of death are hanging on my brow !

In solitude I've often wept—'twas pain that made me weep—
 Those restless days and fev'rish nights—that total want of sleep.
 Ope wide the window ! Yes, I feel refreshing breezes roll—
 They play upon my cheek and brow—they'll waft my parting soul !

I feel as though my spirit had bright wings to flee away,
 Oh ! join my hands together now—oh, let me, let me pray !
 My Saviour loved those little ones—with him I fain would be ;
 The merciful to sinless babes will mercy show to me.

CHANGE AND DECAY.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. HOWARD..

A child was sweetly sporting
 Upon its mother's knee ;
 With laughing eye and sunny brow,
 And heart from sorrow free :

Time winged its flight, that mother
 Was silent in the tomb ;
 That lovely child had sunk beneath
 The stern decree of doom.

I saw a crystal river,
 In beauty gliding by ;
 Reflecting on its glassy breast
 Each form of earth and sky :

But soon its marble surface
 Rang to the skater's steel ;
 Its azure waves no longer curled
 Athwart the gallant keel.

A youth was once adoring
 The idol of his heart,
 And praying that remorseless change
 Their love would never part :

But years revolved, love's visions
 Had faded like the dew,
 That wreathes the morning with its pearls,
 Then vanishes from view.

Change and Decay are written
 On every thing below ;
 The craggy mountain's hoary top,
 The streamlet's gentle flow.

The proudest works of genius,
 In the decisive hour,
 Will wither, like the autumn leaf,
 Beneath their blighting power.

THE KNICKERBOCKER DOWN EAST,

A COLLOQUY.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Germans are honest men,"—SHAKESPEARE.

It was a bright summer afternoon, when we galloped into the tidy, brisk little village of Grey. Without any acknowledged concert, we certainly put ourselves upon our best paces, and most approved equestrian attitudes, as we dashed down the principal street—indeed in the excitement of our spirits we indulged in an ebullition of vanity, pardonable in a trio, but at which we should, either of us, have blushed singly, for we exchanged glances, which each interpreted in his heart as meaning—

"Fine looking cavaliers we, such not to be seen every day."

Unluckily, for us, or it may have been luckily, a great habitual meeting was holden in the village at the time, and every hotel, tavern, or boarding house was full to overflowing; full of men with solemn looks, grave with the affairs of the time—men with oracular words, or piercing eloquence, upon the subject of turnpike or no turnpike; men with long speeches in their pocket, ready to be extemporised—men who had put on their "Sunday best," even combed their carrotty locks, and taken a pocket handkerchief on the great occasion—and now moved uneasily in stiff white collars, and new cow-hide shoes. What were we to these?

At first, we glanced at our modish habiliments with exultation, but, as file after file of these sturdy farmers came by, a lurking sense of effeminacy crept over us; and our trim boots, and faultless tailor-work grew ridiculous, and reminded us of men made by the tailor. Besides, we were a pitiful minority, and one must have some grand truth to sustain him well in that position; besides, we were hungry as panthers, which is of itself apt to impart a sneaking aspect.

"Now remember that, Coz, a hungry

woman does not, as you women imagine, look spiritual—she only looks dull."

"Wisely said, good cousin, we will dispense with that, but go on."

Well, after being baffled a half dozen times, I fear we began to look a little less cavalierly. Then we bethought ourselves of the farm-houses in the neighborhood, and started again in tolerable style.

There was one with an avenue of trees up which we rode, and I knocked with my whip upon the door. It was opened by a girl with an arch look, as much as to say, "you didn't expect such a pretty girl, did you?" No more we did, and we were all ourselves, instantly.

"Of course, Frank, but what next?"

Why she could take only one. Here was a sad dilemma; but the neighbors would each take one. But then such a pretty house-mate—which should stay? We declared she should decide. She laughed, and shook her curls, and tapped her small foot upon the floor, and her ribbons fluttered in the wind; and altogether made as pretty a picture as one would wish to see. We looked interesting, I apprehend our best looks were on; we slightly improved our position in the saddle—Richard took off his cap on account of the heat, but you remember his fine hair! William smiled; but then his teeth! I was grave and indifferent.

"Frank, Frank."

"True, upon my word, cousin." The little beauty glanced from one to the other, laughing and blushing, and refusing to say; but at length she pitched upon your cousin, Frank.

"Now cousin spare your invention, you know Frank I credit only half you are telling, and I will not believe the story

itself. Oh! Frank, Frank, how your sex is given to fibbing—well it is an instinct with you.”

“There you are out, cousin, for the women have the training of us. You think it quite incredible that the girl should choose me—humph”—and he glanced at the mirror, and pulled a leaf from a rose geranium.

“Pah, cousin, don’t look fierce—I dare say you were irresistible; but then Richard is so handsome.”

“Confound that Richard—I wish I had left him out altogether in the excursion.”

“Well now do finish it, for at present the lady has just elected her squire, and he is yet perched upon his horse—fierce and hungry.”

“Most unheroic, I confess.” Well the girl ushered me into the neatest little room—the floor sanded and green boughs in the chimney. Here sat an elderly woman quite deaf—think of that—and the beauty screamed—

Grandmother, this is—and then she laughed, and colored, and stopped short.

“Frank,” said I.

Mr. Frank, Grandmother.

Yes, yes, get him a chair Jennie.

I think we are quite well acquainted, Jennie?

“Perfectly, Frank.”

What does he say, Jennie?

Oh! he says—“It’s a fine day,” I interposed.

All this time a handsome youth was standing by the window, who certainly was not deaf, for I heard him mutter—“Well that’s what I call bein’ mighty home-like.”

Then Jennie spread the table, and all was so fresh, so nice—and all of Jennie’s own making. And then she laughed, and chatted, and said so much; one-half I really believe to tease the youth, whom I learned to call George, because she did, only I put the Mr. to it. I soon found they were lovers, he dying of jealousy, and she the village beauty, and a sad co-

quette into the bargain. But then her coquetry was so becoming—not cold and calculating, but merely the ebullition of spirits in one who had been used to admiration; and then her pretty pettishness, her gay laugh and real goodness of heart. I learned all this by a thousand little indications before I had been there a week. Indeed, Jennie was the very perfection of a rustic beauty, and I would n’t have had her cityfied for the world.

Sabbath day I went to church, walked beside the little belle with her laughing eyes dancing in my face, her musical voice close to my ear, and her beautiful cheek like a peach just visible among the curls that half filled her bonnet.

“You make a long story, cousin Frank.”

“But think what a beautiful subject, Coz.”

“Yes, Frank.”

I don’t remember what the sermon was about; but the singing was exquisite, for Jennie had a voice like a bird. We all stood at prayers, and then I observed the men turned their backs upon the clergyman, but the women did not. And then when church was over the men all left the house before the women, which gave them a choice to see nearly all as they came out, and then such blooming faces, and so many black slippers, and white stockings: and dresses a trifle shorter than you wear them in New York.

George walked a little in the rear of Jennie and me, looking sulky—and I dare say wished me at the north pole.

“Where you deserved to be, Frank; what right had you to make him unhappy, by your ridiculous attention?”

“You shall see, sweet Coz, I was doing him a benefit. These country lovers are excessively green; they let a woman feel that she has tremendous power over them, and then she abuses it, or else cares nothing about them.”

“Aye, Frank, but they are truthful and earnest, and that is the only love to be prized. Your managing lover is no lover at all.”

"I deny your premises, Coz. A man must be master of himself, at least in appearance, or despair to win the deep love of a woman's heart. Your whining lover is a sorry object. But to my story. "Jennie, was all day gay as a lark—she sang at the wheel old ballads such as we find in Percy—she played forfeits, told fortunes in tea-grounds, and seemed the very impersonation of cheerfulness. The old lady busied herself in the kitchen, and George was out on the farm. We mawed apples and snapped the seed. We talked everything but sentiment; for when I attempted that, she laughed in my face, and bade me hush such nonsense. I recited poetry, and she opened her eyes, and looked incomprehensible, and then George began to laugh, and I felt ridiculous.

We went to the singing school—it was a clear moonlight night. The little beauty never looked lovelier—was never in a saucier mood, and never in a better spirit for mischief. It was one half to spite George, who staid at home in a fit of the sulks, and I knew it—she didn't care a straw about me, and in revenge, just as we reached the door, I snatched a kiss. How the little creature's eyes flashed—she gave me a sound box on the ears, and then ran into the house.

"Good night, Mr. Frank," she called as I heard her foot on the stairs.

The grandmother had gone to bed—George sat by the window—it did not command the entrance. He was certainly a very handsome fellow—much handsomer than he was aware of. He had too an off-hand, assured bearing, that would have been equal to anything, had he not been in love. He was surly and I sat down by the opposite window.

"You seem to understand the women, almighty well," he said, rather abruptly.

"I should think not, by the way my ear rings. Miss Jane likes to be kissed before folks."

"To be sure she does—a right, nice, smart gall she is too, only a leetle skittish."

"I wonder you don't make love to her, George."

"The deuce take her—a fellow never knows what she means—chipper to-day and off to-morrow—'twould be like running after a Jack-o-lantern. She'll laugh and talk with any popinjay that comes along."

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"Is she the only pretty girl in the town?"

George opened his eyes wide. "That's it, is it? I'll see."

I redoubled my attentions to Jane—George was away every night; but this only seemed to increase the vivacity of her spirits. I quite neglected my two friends, and half abandoned my rod and line, though the sport could not be improved. At length the night of the singing-school arrived. Jane and I were just seated, when in came George with a very pretty girl, though not half so pretty as Jennie. She began turning the leaves of the singing book, and was a long time finding the place, but I could see her color come and go, and her red lip tremble in spite of its compression.

George played his part to perfection, and his companion was in fine spirits; growing every moment more beautiful from her happiness. Poor little Jennie—she was nervous—now chattering like a magpie—and now silent, and lost in reverie.

Going home, I touched upon the sentimental, looked at the moon, and thought of you, coz, and then I recited—

"Oh! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion too long tenantless,
Lest growing ruinous the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was."

Jeannie burst into tears; after awhile she said, "come to think about it, Mr. Frank, poetry is always about love, isn't it—I never thought of it before. And then

itself. Oh! Frank, Frank, how your sex is given to fibbing—well it is an instinct with you.”

“There you are out, cousin, for the women have the training of us. You think it quite incredible that the girl should choose me—humph”—and he glanced at the mirror, and pulled a leaf from a rose geranium.

“Pah, cousin, don’t look fierce—I dare say you were irresistible; but then Richard is so handsome.”

“Confound that Richard—I wish I had left him out altogether in the excursion.”

“Well now do finish it, for at present the lady has just elected her squire, and he is yet perched upon his horse—fierce and hungry.”

“Most unheroic, I confess.” Well the girl ushered me into the neatest little room—the floor sanded and green boughs in the chimney. Here sat an elderly woman quite deaf—think of that—and the beauty screamed—

Grandmother, this is—and then she laughed, and colored, and stopped short.

“Frank,” said I.

Mr. Frank, Grandmother.

Yes, yes, get him a chair Jennie.

I think we are quite well acquainted, Jennie?

“Perfectly, Frank.”

What does he say, Jennie?

Oh! he says—“It’s a fine day,” I interposed.

All this time a handsome youth was standing by the window, who certainly was not deaf, for I heard him mutter—“Well that’s what I call bein’ mighty home-like.”

Then Jennie spread the table, and all was so fresh, so nice—and all of Jennie’s own making. And then she laughed, and chatted, and said so much; one-half I really believe to tease the youth, whom I learned to call George, because she did, only I put the Mr. to it. I soon found they were lovers, he dying of jealousy, and she the village beauty, and a sad co-

quette into the bargain. But then her coquetry was so becoming—not cold and calculating, but merely the ebullition of spirits in one who had been used to admiration; and then her pretty pettishness, her gay laugh and real goodness of heart. I learned all this by a thousand little indications before I had been there a week. Indeed, Jennie was the very perfection of a rustic beauty, and I would n’t have had her cityfied for the world.

Sabbath day I went to church, walked beside the little belle with her laughing eyes dancing in my face, her musical voice close to my ear, and her beautiful cheek like a peach just visible among the curls that half filled her bonnet.

“You make a long story, cousin Frank.”

“But think what a beautiful subject, Coz.”

“Yes, Frank.”

I don’t remember what the sermon was about; but the singing was exquisite, for Jennie had a voice like a bird. We all stood at prayers, and then I observed the men turned their backs upon the clergyman, but the women did not. And then when church was over the men all left the house before the women, which gave them a choice to see nearly all as they came out, and then such blooming faces, and so many black slippers, and white stockings: and dresses a trifle shorter than you wear them in New York.

George walked a little in the rear of Jennie and me, looking sulky—and I dare say wished me at the north pole.

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it is always sad." Poor little Jennie—it was her first touch at the sentimental—the birth of her first grief.

I took the occasion to read her a lecture upon truthfulness—the hazard of trifling with real affection—the folly of seeking admiration at the sacrifice of love. Even you, coz, would have been edified, might you have heard it. "She gave me for my pains a world of sighs."

The next day I expected to see her quite tender, and attentive to George—but no, the little chit was as stately as a tragedy queen; and George apparently quite unconcerned. That night she half cried her eyes out of her head, for at the breakfast table they were red and swollen, and she looked quite the pale, sentimental beauty. She grew listless—gave over singing—read all the poetry she could find—and at the new moon I found her gather-

ing clover, four leaf clover, and repeating—

"New moon, new moon tell to me,
Who my own true love shall be."

My approach stopped the incantation audibly, and the next morning I beheld the trefoil with the four leaves—"that's an Irishism is it not?"—suspended over the principal door. I was careful that George should be the first to pass under it.

✍ I have just received this paper, undoubtedly sent by George or Jennie. It is Jennie's hand I am sure.

"Married in Grey, by the Rev. Mr. Houmy, George — to Jane —, all of this place."

"So, coz, you have the whole history of my excursion, and do you not think it was for good? There is no knowing what might have been the fate of the lovers had I not been able to impart a little wisdom to George."

"The result of experience, cousin?"

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Harp! that wildly weaving
Sounds of mystic flow,
Seems't some spirit breathing
Sighs o'er human woe—
Would that I could borrow
Words to grief so true!
Mine's a speechless sorrow,
Sad, yet sweet, like you.

Hark! the notes ascending,
Heavenward seem to rise!
Angel voices blending,
Answer from the skies!
O what sweet emotions,
Yields that breathing air!
Youths first pure emotions,
Love's first dreams are there.

STANZAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.

When to yon bright celestial spheres,
My spirit soars to meet its doom,
How sweetly then shall Friendship's tears
Bedew the roses on my tomb.

Eager the mournful scene to leave,
Yet tranquil as the moonlit bow'r,
And smiling as the sun at eve,
I wait the calm, the blissful hour.

O that 'twould haste, and waft me there,
Where worlds shall roll beneath my feet;
Where palms immortal flourish fair,
And friends, on earth beloved, shall meet.

The woes of earth are chains that cling,
Released but by the hand of death;
Its joys the blossoms of the spring,
That fall before the zephyr's breath.

MY DREAM AT HOP-LODGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

WHEN I was in Kent, last spring, on a visit to the friendly owner of Hop-lodge, in that county, I remarked that all the ladies of the family devoted their leisure hours to the same occupation. In a spirit of unanimity never before seen, except on the stage, all entered with enthusiasm into the same amusement ;—it was *not* scandal.

My friend's lively, warm-hearted wife—her sister and his sister—together with the little bright-eyed daughter not sixteen, and an ancient dame, distantly related to all the rest—nay, even the governess, at intervals—seemed to take a placid delight, hour by hour, in tearing up old letters, notes, envelopes, and other remnants of manuscript into small pieces, not much larger than a silver penny, and dropping them, by little handfuls, into little baskets beside them.

Every dull morning after breakfast, and every danceless evening after tea, the conversation was carried on to the monotonous accompaniment of a sharp, quick, rustling sound, produced by the continual tearing up of writing paper, of many qualities and sizes—some so crisp and so substantial that simply unfolding it would elicit a crackling noise, while reducing it to fragments caused a sound equal to that of a fine saw. So loud was it, at times, that the very postman's knock, announcing the arrival of a fresh supply of epistles, to be condemned, in due season, could hardly have been heard.

Enter the ordinary sitting-room when one would, there sate the lady of the house, emulating upon sheets of paper the experiments of M'Adam upon blocks of granite—the M'Eve, we may designate her, of foolscap and demy. With hands almost as white as the material they demolished, she pleasantly pursued her task of destruction, letting fall into the basket a tiny

handful of little pieces every minute. She looked, in her gaiety and beauty, like a laughing Juno, who had resolved to possess herself of a silver shower to match Jove's golden one.

Chariest of the chary in all matters which relate to ladies, married or single, I should as soon have thought of asking them to let me read one of the letters they were tearing up, as of questioning them as to the intended appropriation of those epistolary particles. So I watched the white hands plying their trade, I listened to the crumpling and crushing of paper day by day, but uttered not a word of inquiry. "It was," as Mr. Pepys remarks, "pretty to see."

One cannot interrogate a lady as to the destination of that thirty-second bead bag, which she is slowly manufacturing; nor ask the name of the gentleman for whom she is, with heroic fortitude, knitting that extremely protracted purse; nor wonder to her face why on earth she gives herself the trouble of spoiling that velvet by covering it with such crowds of colored disfigurements. As little could one ask her, when intently and constantly occupied, what she meant to do with those multitudinous scraps of paper. I could, with equal delicacy, have inquired whom the letters came from!

It was enough that the occupation or the amusement seemed intellectually analogous to the more current performances with garnets and gold thread, in satin-stitch and water-colors, or upon lace-collars and fancy-bags;—idle labors often, and most forlorn recreations, which make so many ladies' lives like unto a gay, light, loosely-knitted silken purse, without any money in it!

Of course I had my private speculations concerning the ends for which those myriads of minute fragments were provided. I conjectured that some wise man, justly

abhorring long epistles, might have devised a plan of administering homœopathic letters, inditing notes infinitesimally. Again I had a notion that the drama of the "Exiles of Siberia" was about to be revived, and that the young ladies, great admirers of Mr. Macready, were anxious to make that gentleman a present of a severe snow-storm on the occasion.

On taking my departure, the most elderly of the ladies pleaded for the rest—"Had I any waste sheets of writing paper, outside scraps, useless business-letters, lithographed circulars, fly-leaves of notes, or old envelopes? their stock was running low, and before the fine weather had quite set in, they should be left with nothing in the world to do." Nothing in the world to do but tear up writing-paper into fragments no larger than silver pennies! Still it remained a question whether the fancy for destroying letters in that way might not be both wiser and pleasanter than a passion for writing them; and as I had recently contributed a large packet of old postage-stamps in aid of the funds for building a new church, so I resolved to let a huge pile of the letters themselves follow—for which I received a profusion of thanks, and another invitation to Hop-lodge.

It was in the autumn that I paid my second visit; and arriving at night, after riding some miles, jaded and sleepy, I was truly glad to retire at the earliest moment to rest. Had my pillow been a pillow of flints, the hardness would have been totally unfelt, for both eyes were close-sealed before I could fairly lie down.

It would be more correct to say that my lids, rather than their tenants, were there close-sealed; for the eyes themselves began now to see extremely well—rolling inwardly about in quest of things visionary. Perhaps I was a little too tired for sound and dreamless slumber; my legs, cramped and weary as they were, would be still in motion; and so, like a man upon his oath, I could not lie with any comfort.

Still I was asleep; but how long sleep's

reign, disturbed or not, had lasted, is very doubtful, when I heard, "in my dreaming ear"—the one next the pillow—a little crackling, rustling sound as of the rending or rumpling of paper, considerably firmer in its texture and substance than bank-notes. Yes, those peculiar noises, whether born in the brain, or having their existence actually within the pillow, as they appeared to have, resembled nothing else out of fairy-land. Millions of full-sized letters, oblong, and swarms of civil little notes, three-cornered, seemed heaped, by supernatural hands, under my head, in pieces equally countless and minute.

Perfectly still, I lay and listened. My downward ear seemed to draw in the sounds from the very interior of the pillow on which my head was now throbbing with surprise; and at every movement I made there was an increased rustle; not so sharp, by a thousand degrees, yet in tone not unlike the crashing of tender forest-branches, or the clatter of little shells and pebbles washed upon the beach.

Was the magic noise engendered in the air? Was it a most novel and untuneful singing in my own head? Or had the down, wherewith my pillow was filled, acquired that faculty of voice which the birds, from whom it had been plucked, had forfeited? Assuredly I could not have been more startled, had forty flocks of plucked geese come cackling round my bed, crying, "Give us back our feathers!"

Again I suspended my breathing, and hushed myself into an intense fit of listening. There still were the small crisp noises just under my ear, oozing apparently upward from the pillow, as clearly as drops of water would have trickled through it. And it was still a sound as of the tearing and crumpling of many quires of paper. A bank clerk, pulling, pinching, and whisking about piles of notes, from nine to five daily, would make less noise in a week.

I began to suspect that the fairies were playing pranks under my head; that Oberon and Titania had been tearing up all the

letters which had passed between them during their last quarrel, and that their small fingered subjects were scrambling for the tiniest pieces, to fold up, three-corner-wise, and send as love-notes or challenges to one another.

Perplexed past endurance, and finding upon repeated trials, that either ear, the instant it was placed to the pillow, caught sounds as audibly, as it would through the key-hole of a quiet family's nursery, I changed my position, and dreaming that I was wide awake (perhaps I was,) looked desperately upward through the darkness at the invisible ceiling of the room, when, what was my amazement to behold, in less than the sixtieth part of an instant, a thick shower of very little bits of paper descending on every side; some of a creamy hue, some bluish, some rather pinky—wire-wove, or glazed—gilt-edged or sable-bordered—but all falling about me like snow-flakes, or hovering over me like white feathers, which rather floated than fell.

"Did I ever?" was the question which I silently asked myself in my dream.

My eyes, at this strange spectacle, started far out of my head, and glowed with an unnatural light, by the aid of which, as by that of a pair of long fours, I was indeed enabled to view the scene. Nor was the fire that burned in them useless, for, as the fragments of paper descended, the more I gazed at them, the plainer I could see that they were all written upon, possibly by that process which requires warmth to give legible effect to it. They were bits of letters—every one; indicted by many hands, and addressed to many persons, on subjects without number.

Fast and faster yet they fell—each one bearing its little word or syllable, or at least the tail of a *g*, or an *i*'s dot—until presently the room began to fill, and the fragments crowded together seemed to attach themselves to one another. In a few minutes, perhaps fifty of them would have adhered, and formed a sort of sheet; and then another flock of flakes, descending

from various points, would get into companionship, and so unite; and thus they floated above me, as I gazed upwards, like fleecy clouds, of a rather square and formal pattern it is true, and scribbled mysteriously all over.

I could now plainly discern, as they hovered near me, that the mingled multitude of scraps, the tattered and scattered remains of so much correspondence, had again formed themselves into letters—yes, into readable epistles; though they had certainly not re-assumed their original shapes, or revived themselves *verbatim et literatim*. As on a field of battle, where a gallant soldier's body is apt to be buried with another gallant soldier's head—or, should his legs have been carried away, he is interred haply with the lower extremities of a veteran who belonged to a different regiment, so here I could perceive that many of the fragments had fallen into strange company, and attached themselves to pieces to which they bore no epistolary relation.

Thus, on one sheet which descended into my hand, I saw that the writing was throughout the same, but the beginning and the end had been written at different periods: the first sentences seemed traced with a quill whose ink was as generous wine to communicate joy; but the latter part had been scrawled with a steel pen dipped in gall. It began with overflowing friendship, wondering what the writer would not gladly sacrifice for him whom he addressed; but it terminated with civil regrets for altered circumstances, and a formal "I have the honor to remain."

I caught the first lines of a love-letter—they were rapturous. Love was life; it included all of happiness the world contains,—and every word expressed the writer's conviction that wealth is dross, and parental consent a superfluity; but a discrepancy ensued, for there was something at the close about the necessity of an ample fortune, the charm of filial obedience, and the proud duty imposed upon young hearts of tearing themselves asunder, and

seeking happiness somewhere else, "remaining ever, &c."

Here the right persons were associated in the rejoined letters, but with the terrible disadvantage of wrong dates. In other cases, I detected mutilated notes in one hand-writing—a lady's, but evidently addressed to two different persons, thus:—

"*My dearest Jemima*.—Let nothing prevent you from coming; remember, it is my birthday, and without *you* what felicity could be mine!—How exquisite is a pure sympathy between minds such as ours. Come in your blue lutestring; nothing becomes you half so much. You must forgive me for asking that treacherous thing, Julia—I can't help it. * * * * All will go wrong without *you*, and so I rely. But how should I hesitate at any time to confide in heavenly truth like yours; the worst of it is, that odious Jemima will, I fear, be with us, flirting in her horrid blue lutestring. But let the joy of a friendship like ours be unclouded by a thought of such intrusions. Ever, my dearest Julia, &c."

There was one at which, as it caught my eye, I laughed so loudly, as to be in great fear of waking myself. What added to the oddity of it was, that it was addressed to a particular friend of my own, but in two different hands; and thus it ran:

"My dear sir, will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner,—or proceedings will be taken against you without further notice. Yours, &c., Rasp and Clerk."

The next epistle came fluttering by, as if half ashamed of itself; yet it was full of virtuous sentiments, clad in the best Latin of the best authors, and painted the youthful writer's studious, respectable, and devout college life to the eyes of a liberal, but grave and dignified uncle. It was clear, however, that a wrong postscript had affixed itself to this letter to the tune of—

"P. S.—Come down, Jack, and blow a cloud with us. I've a case or two of good things, and lots o' tin from Uncle Starch; but come at once, my Flanders brick, for these infernal duns are grabbing at it like blazes."

A lady's hand-writing again attracted my gaze, but here there was an anomaly relative to dates.

"*July 20th*—As for Adolphus, as you call him, he is detestable. Was there ever such a conceited fright! I would not have him if there were not another man in the world. * * * * For I must frankly confess that my whole heart is in this engagement, and that without Adolphus existence would be a blank—*August 21st*."

Among the thousands floating about, I caught one in a schoolboy's hand; the first portion written like copper-plate, the latter upon the pothook plan—but the whole addressed to a revered parent:—

"*Honored Father*.—The happy season has returned when filial affection finds its proudest gratification in reporting to beloved parents the progress of those intellectual, moral, and religious studies, which it is the blessed privilege of your son to enjoy at Birch-grove. For the bodily as well as mental improvement, which I trust on my return at Christmas you will be able to recognise, I am indebted to that judicious kindness which placed me under the tender and enlightened care of my preceptor. * * * * Aunt will give you this she sez, and I wish you may git it, for I want some more Marmalaid and also a cake, for thay keep me so Hungrey I cant lern nothing, also a large piece of tinn to put at the back of my West-cot, for I dont like the jolly wackings thats going on here—and I dont mean to come Back I can tell you, and Aunt says I sharn't, but as I have got sum Curran jam I shall conclude, so good by, dear papa, your affectionate son Nixy, short for Nicholas."

I had another fit of laughter, which nearly woke me, on solving another riddle—a note, commencing with expressions of the most delicate and idolatrous love, suddenly turning into cold business matters, and ending with "now don't make a fool of yourself by sitting up again, for I shall be late." The last lines were part of a letter written after marriage—the first were not. Specimens of this class were plentiful.

I was also tickled with the absurdity of an aristocratic order to a tradesman to send in his account without delay, terminating with "assurances of most distinguished consideration;" and a note to Mr. Buckstone, requesting orders for the theatre, might be seen gravely commencing with "Reverend Sir."

Of the countless quires of paper which, in separate sheets, fluttered and fell around me, there was not a note without its grave or ridiculous contradiction. Some false fragments had engrafted themselves even on the truest stock, while in others some few scraps were wanting, leaving little holes in the epistle where the sincerity seemed to have dropped out. Here an affecting lecture on the solemn duties and flimsy vanities of life was cut up by an intruding inquiry, "Where the very best

green silk twist is to be got," as the writer would "give the world to know;" and two or three lively notes, containing the particulars of a wedding, had been eked out with pieces bearing a mourning border—which possibly might not be altogether misplaced after all.

Here and there, I perceived a letter, in which the stray scraps and remnants had met together without any order or ceremony, so that there was not the slightest pretension to meaning in the entire document. Yet it did not appear to be much inferior in style to many letters which are daily marked "confidential" or "immediate" by charming correspondents.

A terrible exposure was going on around me. Every sheet was a witness against somebody. Here Pride was unmasked, by the union of two halves of letters, one dated from a hovel, the other from a hall; here Honesty was proved a scamp, by confessing in a postscript what the letter denied. Here Sincerity was stamped hypocrite, by the junction of praise and censure under its own hand; and there, Benevolence was convicted of subscribing to a public fund, and having "nothing to give away" in private. In each and all

lurked some anomaly; harmless or criminal.

The confusion at length totally obscured my senses; and I could read no more. The letters broke up again into flakes, the flakes melted into the darkness like snow, and I slept in serene unconsciousness till ten. The secret came out at breakfast in much tender concern about my night's rest. Had I slept? Could I forgive such forgetfulness?

"The ladies here," said my friend, in explanation, "fear that you may have quarrelled with your pillow. They are fond of making paper pillows for the poor and the invalided; and one of these being placed in readiness upon your bed, nobody remembered it until you were fast asleep."

A Paper Pillow! And I had been dreaming the family secrets—reading in my sleep, the family correspondence! There was a slumbering indelicacy in the very idea!—I uttered no remonstrance against the cheap and charitable invention; but however cool and soothing may be the paper pillow to some, I reflected, for my own part, that there was much practical wisdom, and a most exact and admirable simile in that pretty saying of King Once-upon-a-time—

"I'll to my couch; like me, a downy one!"

REASON AND LOVE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Reason and Love, one summer noon,
Went out to rove together;
The wild birds sang their sweetest tune,
'Twas sparkling sunny weather.
Soon the wild boy began to play
Among the leafy bowers,
While Reason warned him not to stray,
And talked of darkening hours.

Love laughed: he heeded not such things,
While all was bright about him;
But shook the sunshine from his wings,
And dared, the imp! to flout him.
"Rash boy!" cried Graybeard; "prithee move,
You see how fast day closes—"
"How very glowingly," smiled Love,
"The sun sets on the roses."

Reason still argued—Love grew warm,
And every caution slighted;
Till reason, yielding to the charm,
They stayed, and were benighted.
And thus the case will ever prove,—
To doubt the fact were treason;
Reason is oft misled by Love,
Love never yields to reason.

THE PURSUIT OF LUTZOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

They come ! they come ! see their bayonets bright,
They sparkle and flash across hollow and height ;
And the dusky files in the openings appear,
And the green leaves mingle with plume and spear ;
And the bugles echo the vallies among,
Huzza ! like a torrent they bear them along.
Would any the names of those warriors know ?
They are heroes of Lutzow in chase of the foe.

See ! how they steal from the dark-skirted wood,
Vault over the ravine, and plunge in the flood ;
Now in ambush crouch breathless—the foeman is nigh !
Ha ! they shout and rush at him gallantly—
In carnage and flame they are victors still ;
With the blood of the Gaul they are drenching the hill—
Their rifles so true whence the death-shots go,
'Tis the Lutzows who level in chace of the foe.

Where father Rhine pours, with vineyards lined ;
The enemy rallies, but death is behind :
As a wave of the storm comes the conquering band,
They strike the deep water with nervous hand,
Then fearless mount on the hostile bank,
And fling themselves wild on each panic-struck rank :
Those swimmers who breast the white foam as they go,
Are the Lutzows in dauntless pursuit of the foe !

Below in that vale, 'mid the fury of fight,
Where steel-harness'd horsemen are glittering bright ;
Where the death-game of battle their chargers try,
And the fire of freedom enkindling high,
Of a blood-red hue, spreads widely and far,
The herald of glory and beacon of war :
Those chargers that trample the slain as they go,
Are spur'd by the Lutzows, who dash at the foe.

Mark those brave, with the enemies slain overthrown,
In silence they writhe, and they die without groan :
For their last pulse may throb, and life's fountain fail,
And death-dews lie chill on their visages pale ;
But their souls feel no tremor, they smile in their pain,
They know that their country has freedom a gain.
Be hallow'd such suffering, and bless'd every sigh,
They are Lutzows, who know how to triumph and die !

This Lutzow's pursuit of the flying Gaul,
He will long in his hours of boasting recall ;
While the German, who saw the long rear swept away,
Shall for ages of triumph remember the day,
Nor weep for his brothers who bought with their blood,
Their Father-land's freedom—the purchase was good !
His altars shall smoke, and his goblets o'erflow,
To the Lutzows who died in the chase of the foe !

THE MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

BY MARIAN ELLIOTT.

"Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch!"—SHAKESPEARE.

I was walking in Broadway, that avenue of fashion, for the first time after my return from a tour through Europe. Many familiar faces passed me, and bright smiles, and glances of recognition, assured me I was still remembered.

I had fallen into a reverie, and was comparing Broadway, and the gay and richly dressed ladies who were passing and re-passing, with the sights and scenes I had lately visited, when I was accosted by a familiar voice, and turning round, beheld my most intimate friend Charles Ellerslie.

"Edward, my dear fellow," he exclaimed warmly, "how delighted I am to see you. When did you return? But stop—," and presenting me to a most beautiful woman, who was leaning on his arm, he continued, "you, perhaps, are not aware that amongst other blessings, I have, since I last saw you, gained a wife. Kate, you have heard me speak of Mr. Howard before."

The lady greeted me so kindly, and smiled so sweetly, that I was instantly charmed with her. She was certainly most beautiful, with features of Grecian regularity, and eyes of the deepest hazel.

"Well," continued my friend, "when shall we have a long chat together? I cannot stay with you now, for we have a very particular appointment in Murray street. Are you engaged to-day? If not, come at four and dine with us. Only a quiet, family dinner, at No. 122 — street. We shall certainly expect you. Where do you stop?"

"At the Globe; I arrived only yesterday, by the last steamer."

"The Globe! why that used not to be your house?"

"That is true; but after a man has been so long in Europe, the Globe is the only

house in the States where he can get a dinner to his mind. Blancard has a capital French cook—"

"Well, Edward, you must not expect either *Vol au vent* or *Salmi* at our house—do not forget No. 122—at four precisely. So good bye for the present."

The lady bowed gracefully and they left me. So, Charles was married! and his last words, when I left him two years before, had been, "you will find me a bachelor still, when you return." I had received but two letters from him during my prolonged and uncertain tour, and in them he had not mentioned his fair bride, or his intended marriage.

Charles Ellerslie and I had been warm friends, schoolmates, and college cronies. He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and every advantage which wealth could procure for him, he had enjoyed. Mr. Ellerslie wished his son to become a lawyer, and Charles having finished his course of study, had commenced practice, when his father died and left him in possession of affluence. Young, handsome, and wealthy, he was courted and flattered by the world, and naturally warm hearted, and impetuous, he plunged into all its gaieties. Law was forgotten, or at best remembered but as too dry and uninteresting an occupation for him; and then he argued, "why should I continue in its practice? I have wealth enough, without seeking to gain more." When I left New York, he was in the full tide of enjoyment—no one drove finer horses, drank better wine, dressed in more fashionable style, or paid his devoirs to the reigning belles with a better grace than Charles Ellerslie. He was, however, a good, warm-hearted youth; and he but needed some strong stimulus, to incite him to exercise

talents, which, properly directed, would have won for him the approbation and admiration of the good and wise.

Having paid due attention to my toilette, I proceeded, at the appointed time, to the house of my friend. It was a two-story building, and a neatly dressed woman servant ushered me into a small, but handsomely furnished apartment, where all bespoke the taste of the proprietors. They had no company, except myself and a friend of Mrs. Ellerslie's, a Mrs. Villiers. The dinner was well arranged, and passed off very pleasantly. Mrs. Ellerslie was lively and intelligent, and Mrs. Villiers, though not so beautiful as her friend, appeared a very agreeable and amiable woman.

As the ladies withdrew, I exclaimed, "you, certainly, are the most lucky fellow in Christendom! but tell me, Charlie, how did all this happen? When I left you, you vowed to live a bachelor for ever. I must acknowledge that you have a fair reason for changing your mind, but how did you manage to fall in with so lovely a wife?"

"O, when you left me, I was a thoughtless, wealthy young fellow."

"Wealthy!" interrupted I, "are you not so still?"

"Then you have not heard of my misfortunes! but fill up your glass, and if you have patience to listen to a long story, you shall hear it all."

"About two months after you left us, I was on my way home one evening from Harry Emerson's. It was a delicious summer's night; the air was cool and refreshing, and the moon shone with a subdued and softening light. It was but a few moments after eleven, and tempted by the extreme beauty of the weather, I rambled on, enjoying my cigar, and scarcely conscious whither I wended my footsteps. Suddenly, I heard a faint cry, and hastening to the spot from whence it proceeded, I beheld a female struggling in the grasp of a man. I sprang forward, released her from the drunkard, (for such I discovered him to be) and, calling a watchman, gave the ruffian in charge to him. Then, prof-

fering my arm to the half fainting lady, I begged permission to escort her home, which she modestly gave. I had a glimpse, under a neat cottage bonnet, of a young and lovely face, and which, as the soft moonlight fell upon it, looked doubly interesting to me, while the sweetest of musical voices, thanked me gratefully for the service I had rendered."

"Well, our walk, as you will readily suppose, came to an end more quickly than I could have wished, and I discovered that she lived in a small, neat looking house, though in a somewhat out-of-the-way street. The door was opened by a stout looking woman, who exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Kate! have you come at last? your father——" but the closing of the door prevented my hearing any thing more."

"Well! my homeward thoughts were full of my new acquaintance; she had such a lovely face, such a dulcet voice; and then, the hand that rested lightly on my arm, was so small and prettily shaped. Don't laugh, Ned! this was not one of my old fits, when I used to fall in love with every pretty face I saw. There was something heavenly in this girl's countenance, something different from all I had ever seen before, and there was so much modesty and grace in her manner, that I felt certain I could both love and esteem her."

"Days and weeks passed; and I saw no more of her, although my evening rambles were generally in that direction, until one night, as I passed the house, I observed a light in an upper front window, the sash of which was raised, and a white curtain hanging before it. Suddenly, a female figure moved across the room. I glanced around; no one was near, and no light in any other part of the house; so, hesitating no longer, I approached somewhat nearer, and commenced the song I used to sing in our old serenading parties. She approached the window; for I could even see the shadow of her features upon the curtain; but at the close of my song, she disappeared, and the light was extinguished."

"The following day, I was astounded by the intelligence that the house of Smith & Co., in whose hands my father had always left a large portion of his funds, had been declared bankrupt. I had only a few days before advanced Mr. Smith eleven thousand dollars, in addition to the very considerable sum he had already in his hands, to relieve him, he said, from a temporary embarrassment. He was my father's most intimate friend, who considered him as safe as John Jacob—I would willingly have trusted him with every dollar I had in the world. A fortnight afterwards, the Bank, in which I had deposited the remainder of my property, "suspended" its payments, and has never since resumed them. I was thus deprived of nearly every dollar I had possessed, and thrown back upon my own resources."

"I at once made up my mind to return to my old profession; and to my great surprise, the man, who in my career of fashionable folly, had seemed most to despise me, or to regard me as only a dissipated spendthrift, now proved my best friend. I mean Ollson, with whom I studied. He gave me employment, and exerted his best interests in my behalf; while those whom I had fancied my true friends, dropped off, one by one, and their cold greetings, when we chanced to meet, proclaimed that their intimacy with me was occasioned only by my wealth."

"Well, I persevered in my exertions; I was really industrious, and I became known as an assiduous lawyer. Mr. Ollson recommended me to a Mr. Manvers, as one who was competent to undertake the management of a lawsuit for him.

Mr. Manvers had once been rich; his property, however, had unfortunately been invested in bank stocks; and, like myself, he had been suddenly deprived of it. Since then, a distant relation had bequeathed a large estate to him; but the validity of the will was now disputed. It was in this suit that he required my assistance. It was a work of much labor, for I had, from the stupid wording of the will,

to prove the relationship—our case was rather obscure. I was, however, fortunate enough to prove it, so clearly to the jury, that I succeeded in obtaining a verdict for him. My success in this case, obtained for me abundant employment. My office was thronged with shoals of clients, and I may say that I have one of the best businesses in New York. But to the more interesting part of my story."

"One evening as I sat thinking of the time when I would have spurned the idea of being obliged to return to my profession to enable me to support myself, and contrasting my former inactive, or at least useless life, with my present studious one, our old crony Tom Edwards entered my room. I always liked Tom; there was a careless good humor about him, and then he had not deserted me as most of my other old acquaintance had done."

"Come Charles," said he, "I want you to make a call with me this evening."

"Upon whom?" inquired I.

"I wish to introduce you to a Mrs. Fortescue, who has the most lovely angel of a relation you ever saw. But you must surely have seen her? It is your client's, Manvers, daughter."

"No, I have never happened to meet her. Is she so very beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful, and if it were not for two reasons, I should certainly make love to her."

"What are your reasons?"

"Why, in the first place, I do not think her so very much superior to Miss Ellen Fortescue; and in the second place she is not in love with me."

"And Miss Ellen Fortescue is; ha! Tom?"

"Tom smiled and colored, but made no reply; so taking up my hat, gloves, and cane, we proceeded to make the call."

We turned into one of our fashionable streets, and ascended the steps of a handsome looking house. A servant ushered us into a richly furnished parlor, where Tom seemed to be perfectly at home.

"Allow me to introduce my friend Mr.

Ellerslie, Miss Fortescue—Mr. Ellerslie, Miss Manvers."

"I bowed to Miss Fortescue, a pretty, sylph-like girl; and turning to Miss Manvers, I beheld, with amazement, my fair unknown. I started, and stammered, until, recognizing me in an instant, she came forward, and extending her hand, said, "I am very happy to meet Mr. Ellerslie."

"We soon entered into an animated conversation, (in which she reproached me with not having called to inquire after her) and before the end of our visit, I was more than ever in love with her."

"Well, I believe I visited the house as often as Tom did; and to make a long sto-

ry short, I won the love of Miss Manvers, and her father's consent to our marriage. I mentioned before to you that Mr. Manvers had lost his property by bank stock. In his reduced circumstances he had unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain employment, and poor Kate, to support them both, became a milliner's apprentice. On the evening in which I met her, she had been detained later than usual, and her father, who generally went to fetch her home, had been prevented doing so, by illness. I can only add that I shall forever bless my midnight ramble, and that I never knew perfect happiness until Kate Manvers became Kate Ellerslie."

LOVELY LENKA.

TRANSLATION OF A HUNGARIAN SONG.

He lingers on the ocean shore,
The seaman in his boat;
The water spirit's music o'er
The ruffled wave doth float.
"Maiden of beauty! counsell'd be,
The tempest wakes from out the sea."

"I may not stay," the maiden cried,
Though loud the tempest blow,
"That meadow on the water side—
That cottage bids me go.
That shady grove, that murmur's near,
Invites me—he I love is there."

"The wave is high—the storm is loud
And dangers rise anon—
But hope sits smiling on the cloud,
Storms drive the vessel on,
And joy and sorrow both convey
Man's mortal bark along its way."

Into the seaman's boat she stept;
The helm the seaman took;
The stormy billows fiercely swept
And all the horizon shook.
The maiden spoke—"ye fears begone!
The storm-wind drives the vessel on."

"O maiden! darker is the sky
And fiercer is the wind,
Alas! there is no harbor nigh,
No refuge can we find.
A whirlpool is the angry sea,
It will engulf both thee and me."

"No, seaman! fortune always shone
And still will shine on me,
Soon will the stormy clouds begone
And sunbeams calm the sea,
And evening bring the promised dove
And evening guide me to my love."

She turn'd her to the distant strand
(He stood upon the spot)—
In sweet delirium stretch'd her hand,
And winds and waves forgot.
So is love's spirit overfraught
With love's intensity of thought.

He stood—a statue on the shore—
A pale—ice-harden'd form;
The billows battling more and more
And louder wax'd the storm.
Clouds—waves, all mingled, and the boat?
Its scattered planks asunder float.

Where is she? ask the storm! for he
No single tear has shed.
And he? go ask the silent sea—
Its echoes answer "Dead"
I held communion with the waves,
But could not find the lovers' graves.

THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

BY JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ.

MAURICE CONNOR was the king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and Ollistrum's March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and mind. But he knew one, far more surprising than the rest, which had in it the power to set everything dead or alive dancing.

In what way he learned it is beyond my knowledge, for he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune, the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as if their brogues had the ague; then the feet began going—going—going from under them, and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad!—whisking here, there, and everywhere, like a straw in a storm,—there was no halting while the music lasted.

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without "blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh, Maurice Connor and his mother, were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coast and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Balinskellig bay, there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea, on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's music had brought from all parts a great gathering of

the young men and young women—*O, the Darlints!*—for 'twas not every day the strand of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rinkafadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave music," said every body, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

"More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman, a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. "'Tis a pity," said he, "if we'd let the piper run dry after such music; 't would be a disgrace to Ivaragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays."—So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he: "Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, sir," says Maurice, answering the question on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

"What will you drink, Maurice?" says Paddy.

"I'm no ways particular," says Maurice; "I drink anything, and give God thanks, barring *raw* water: but if 'tis all the same to you, Mister Dorman, may-be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey."

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy, "I've only the bottle."

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice; "my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I've tried it, sure."

"So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a'filling."

"That was no bad whiskey, neither," says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

"By the holy frost, then," says Paddy, "'tis but *could* comfort there is in that bottle now; and 'tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you've left us no sample to judge by:" and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life, I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor: of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy.—Don't think I blame him for it; 'tis often a good man's case; but true is the word that says, "when liquor's in, sense is out;" and puff, at a breath, before you could say "Lord save us!" out he blasted his wonderful tune.

'Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was going on down upon the strand.—Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the music, and every moment more and more would tumble in out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold. But perhaps you may have heard of Father Florence Conry, a Franciscan friar, and a great Irish Poet; *bolg an dana*, as they used to call him—a wallet of poems. If you have not, he was as pleasant a man as one would wish to drink with of a hot

summer's day; and he has rhymed out all about the dancing fishes so neatly, that it would be a thousand pities not to give you his verses; so here's my hand at an upset of them into English—

The big seals in motion,
Like waves of the ocean,
Or gouty feet prancing,
Came heading the gay fish
Crabs, lobsters, and cray fish,
Determined on dancing.

The sweet sounds they follow'd,
The gasping cod swallow'd,
'Twas wonderful, really!
And turbot and flounder,
'Mid fish that was rounder,
Just caper'd as gaily.

John-Dories came tripping,
Dull hake by their skipping
To frisk it seem'd given;
Bright mackrel went springing,
Like small rainbows winging
Their flight up to heaven.

The whiting and haddock
Left salt water paddock
This dance to be put in;
Where skate with flat faces,
Edged out some odd plaices;
But soles kept their footing.

Sprats and herrings in powers
Of silvery showers
All number out number'd;
And great ling so lengthy,
Were there in such plenty,
The shore was encumber'd.

The scollop and oyster,
Their two shells did royster,
Like castanets fitting:
While limped moved clearly,
And rocks very nearly
With laughter were splitting.

"Never was such an ullabulloo in this world, before or since; 'twas as if heaven and earth were coming together; and all out of Maurice Connor's wonderful tune!

"In the height of all these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes but a beautiful young woman, as beautiful as the dawn of day! She had a cocked hat upon her head; from under it, her long green hair—just the color of the sea—fell down behind, without hinderance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red coral; and she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the wave, with little rows of pur-

ple and red sea weeds settled out upon it ; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, chanting it out with a voice as sweet as honey :

“ I’m a lady of honor,
Who live in the sea ;
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me.
Silver plates and gold dishes
You shall have, and shall be
The King of the fishes,
When you’re married to me.”

“ Drink was strong in Maurice’s head, and out he chaunted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper ; therefore ’twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

“ I’m obliged to you, madam :
Off a gold dish or plate,
If a King, and I had ’em,
I could dine in great state.
With your own father’s daughter
I’d be sure to agree,
But to drink the salt water
Would’nt do so with me !”

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side, like a great scholar, “ well,” says she, “ Maurice, if you are not a poet, where is poetry to be found ?”

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments, one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too. Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them might take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she overpersuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes, great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance ;

and he surely would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice’s mother saw him, with that unnatural thing in the form of a green haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down together so lovingly to the water’s edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. “ Oh then,” says she, “ as if I was not widow enough before, there he is going away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but ’tis grandmother I may be to a hake or a haddock—Lord help and pity me, ’tis a mighty unnatural thing !—And may be ’tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I’ll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it !—Oh Maurice, Maurice, if there’s any love or nature left in you, come back to your own *ould* mother, who reared you like a dacent Christian !”

Then the poor woman began to cry and ullagoane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the rim of the water ; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering wave coming in towards him ready to swallow him up alive ; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks ; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother’s heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing, all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to the sound of his mother’s voice, fearing that it might put him out in his steps, and all the answer he made back was—

“ Whish’t with you, mother—sure I’m going to be king over the fishes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign that I’m alive and well, I’ll send you in, every twelvemonth on this day, a piece of burned wood to Trafraska.” Maurice had not the power to say a word more,

for the strange lady with the green hair seeing the wave just upon them, covered him up with herself in a thing like a cloak, with a big hood to it, and the wave curling over twice as high as their heads, burst upon the strand, with a rush and a roar that might be heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day twelvemonth the piece of burned wood came ashore in Trafraska. It was a queer thing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom of the sea. A gown or a pair of shoes would have been something like a present for his poor mother; but he had said it, and he kept his word. The bit of burned wood regularly came ashore on the appointed day, for as good, ay, and better than a hundred years. The day is now forgotten, and may be that is the reason why peo-

ple say how Maurice Connor has stopped sending the luck-token to his mother. Poor woman, she did not live to get as much as one of them; for what, through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grand children, she died in three weeks after the dance. Some say it was the fatigue that killed her, but whichever it was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Seafaring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of music coming up from the water; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes:—

“ Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
Thy crystal water, and diamond sand;
Never would I have parted from thee
But for the sake of my fair ladie.”

OLD GERMAN BALLAD.

BY MARGARET SCOTT.

A noble knight to Cunigunde drew nigh,
And thrice he kiss'd her lips, and with a sigh,
These words he spake:—
“ I kiss'd thee first—oh, lady of my heart!
Because, in truth, more beautiful thou art
Than all beside.

“ I kiss'd thee next—oh, make me not regret!—
Because my heart can now no more forget
Until I die.

The third kiss, lady, I have given to thee,
That thou, henceforth, my bride and wife shouldst be
And with me go.

“ And if thy heart doth with thy looks agree,
Give the three kisses back again to me,
And be my own.”
But mournfully she look'd upon him there,
And not a kiss returning to his prayer,
She spake and said:—

“ The kisses thou hast given to me to-day.
I will another time to thee repay
With heart and soul.
The first I'll send to thee,—a sad farewell,
When I am summon'd to the convent cell,
Far, far away!

“ The next must soothe thee, as the kiss of love,
When my heart, shortly, to the realms above,
Through death shall pass,—
But I will keep the third—oh, friend beloved!
Till thou shalt die, and God hath both removed
To endless joy.”

THE MUFF; OR, KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE EDITOR.

THE first cold day which announces the close of autumn and the approach of winter, is a solemn and important epoch to a lady of fashion. She must, then, make due preparations for the coming season. Winter is on his way, accompanied by concerts, and routs, and balls! What pleasures, what triumphs brings he in his train? What dresses shall we invent to do him fitting honor? These are momentous questions, but cannot be decided until the reigning deities have issued their fiat, fixing the fashions for the season—until then, we must content ourselves with our last winters velvet mantles, and thick cashmeres and comfortable furs.

So thought Madame Dubreuil, one of the most celebrated of the *élégantes* of Paris. On that day—it was in the early part of last November—winter had suddenly announced himself, and with more asperity than usual: Madame Dubreuil was making her arrangements against this sudden and unforeseen attack of the white headed old gentleman—and she could not help reflecting, while occupied in these matters, on the rapid progress of time, on the happy days which had flown so quickly by, and on her own twenty-eighth year which was drawing near its close.

“Twenty-eight” certainly cannot be considered a despairing, or even a desponding age, and Madame Dubreuil as she glanced at one of the mirrors in her boudoir, was right in thinking that she had never been more lovely than at that moment. Up to that time, every day appeared only to have added to her beauty, to have furnished her with some new charm; but now she had reached a perfection which she could not hope long to retain. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if the sight of her last winters habiliments produced such various thoughts in the mind of Madame Dubreuil,

as, one by one, she drew them forth from their snug retreats. In a box of Sandal wood, reposed one of the most lovely muffs ever produced from Siberian Sables. The fair lady looked at it with a melancholy smile, and asked herself, “How many things have happened since the last day I wore that muff! and what will be my fate before I again deposit it in that box?”

From these philosophical reflections, my readers will already have imagined that Madame Dubreuil is a widow. It is true: she had been married to a man much older than herself; he was immensely rich, lived in magnificent style; his house was visited by the first people. He had not been a kind or attentive husband, and by way of making his wife lament his loss, he, just before dying, made a will by which he left the great bulk of his property to distant relations, with whom he had scarcely exchanged a word. To his wife he bequeathed a sum which would not produce more than about eight thousand francs per annum. “This will be a very effectual method to make her regret me,” thought this good husband, as he penned his last wishes. “I have habituated my wife to luxury, to spending large sums of money: how will my widow weep for me, when she finds herself reduced to mediocrity, and is compelled to observe the most rigid economy. If I left her all my fortune, she would, perhaps, marry some one for whom she has an affection, and the comparison might not be to my advantage.”

Thus was Madame Dubreuil made the victim of the self love and the posthumous jealousy of her amiable spouse. To renounce the pleasures of fashionable life was impossible, they had become a necessity with her; to shine in the great world was her only happiness, and the young

widow did what many young dandies do; her income not being sufficient for her expenses, she encroached upon the capital, and continued living in grand style. She calculated upon the future, upon her charms, upon her accomplishments; marriage was a resource which could not fail her; so many admirers thronged around her, all of whom were prodigal of the most fervent protestations.

The day had, however, arrived when Madame Dubreuil perceived that it was absolutely necessary she should bring her widowhood to its term. Her capital had seriously diminished, time was running on, and although her looking-glass still gave her the most brilliant assurances, although her admirers still poured their ardent vows and adulations into her ear, she must now listen to the voice of reason, or be exposed to the dread alternative of finding herself without a Louis. These considerations had led her to exclaim so philosophically—"How many things have happened since the last day I wore that Muff?"

She took a rapid view of past events. Two incidents had occurred which might seriously influence her future life; with these were connected two names, the recollection of the one produced a smile, the other a slight knitting of the brows. These names were Theobald and the Baron de Grany.

Madame Dubreuil had an excellent memory. She remembered perfectly that the last time she had worn her Muff, was on a fine day in the month of April: the night before she had been at a grand ball given by her banker. Her dress on that occasion was of the most elegant description; a lace robe, a necklace of large pearls, and natural camelias in her hair. She had never had so great a crowd of admirers, her coquetry had never been more attractive or more killing; but in the midst of this great triumph her own heart had been severely scathed. A timid and amiable young man whom she had tormented, for her own amusement, during the whole of

the winter, had at last obtained grace in her eyes, and she had confessed to herself and then but whisperingly—"I love him." To acknowledge this to him it was necessary to wait a more suitable place and opportunity; such an avowal could not be made during the intervals of a quadrille or a gallop, and Madame Dubreuil well knew that Theobald de S——, was too assiduous to allow her to wait long for the opportunity she desired.

As chance would have it she met him the next day, the last appearance of the Muff, at the Marchioness de L——'s, one of her intimate friends: she had gone there to make a morning call. The drawing room was full of company, and Theobald could only express his admiration by the eloquence of looks; however, at the moment Madame Dubreuil rose to take leave, and as she took her Muff from a table on which she had laid it! Theobald approached, and whispered to her with mysterious emotion—"Remember! I await my sentence."

"Poor young man," thought the compassionate widow, "he has suffered so long! The first time I can see him alone he shall know that he has gained his cause."

That evening Madame Dubreuil remained at home to repose herself after the fatigues of the ball. Her sleep was attended with the most enchanting dreams;—on waking, her first thoughts were of Theobald. "Shall I see him to-day?" said she musingly, "it would be very silly of him not to call."

The weather was most beautiful; it was the first day of spring: Madame Dubreuil walked out in the hope of meeting Theobald. In the evening, she went to the opera, where he was a constant attendant. In vain she directed her opera glass to the stalls and to the boxes.—Between the acts a gentleman visited Madame Dubreuil in her box, and talked over the occurrences of the day: amongst other matters he said—

"By the by, Madame, are you aware that you have lost one of your most inde-

fatigable dancers? fortunately the season for balls draws near its close."

"And who is this deserter?" asked Madame Dubreuil.

"It is Mr. Theobald de S——, who has set off this morning for Italy?"

Gone! and at such a moment—without waiting for his sentence! This was the most poignant grief that Madame Dubreuil had ever suffered. In what way could she account for this precipitate departure? He must have felt terrified at the decisive moment! He was so modest, so timid!

Some time after this event, which had made a deep impression on the mind of Madame Dubreuil, she left Paris. Since her widowhood, she usually passed the summer at the country-house of one of her aunts, who had dignified it with the title of Chateau. Madame Bonneval did not receive much company—her country guests were generally very grave personages, some old friends of hers. On the present occasion the youngest of the society was a certain Baron de Grany who was only fifty years old; he was a complete original, proud of his nobility which was, to say the best of it, but doubtful; and of some military exploits that he took care to recount to every new comer, and which were still more apocryphal. The Baron had great pretensions both to military glory and to gallantry. He affected the frankness and rudeness of an old soldier; and whenever he had forgotten himself so far as to make use of terms not generally admitted in society, he excused himself by saying—"You need not expect that an old warrior, bred in camps, can have the soft tones and effeminate manners of a city fop."

Nothing could be more ludicrous than his mode of expressing his admiration for Madame Dubreuil; for he had become desperately in love with her, and took every opportunity of paying her attention. The lovely widow laughed at his awkward declarations, and appeared to consider them as in jest. This went on for some time, but one morning the Baron, finding

Madame Dubreuil alone in the saloon, made her a formal tender of his hand and fortune, and by way of convincing her, *en militaire*, that he was really in earnest, threw his arms around her and insisted upon sealing the contract, which he thought too advantageous to be refused, with a salute. Madame Dubreuil incensed at his rude conduct, violently rang the bell, called for her aunt, and declared to her that, if M. de Grany remained there, she would leave the house. The Baron, who had coolly seated himself in an arm chair, appeared much surprised at the unnecessary alarm evinced by the lady, said "that he would give her time to consider the folly of her conduct, and that he should proceed to Paris, where he would expect to receive a more favorable reply to his proposals." He then very quietly took leave of Madame Bonneval, kissed his hand to the widow and then left the house.

"Why should you not marry him?" asked Madame Bonneval. "I grant to you he is uncouth and insolent, but he is a good hearted creature, and besides which has an income of thirty thousand francs!"

Madame Dubreuil had at first; said no after that she reflected seriously upon the matter, and had almost made up her mind to say, yes, before she returned to Paris.

These were the reminiscences which presented themselves to the mind of Madame Dubreuil; these were the adventures which had occurred since the day on which the muff had been put out of service.

"Juliette," said Madame Dubreuil to her waiting maid—"I am going out; is the carriage ready?"

"Yes, Madam, but here is a gentleman to visit you."

"Say I am not at home."

"But, Madam, it is the Baron!"

"Myself!" added the Baron, with all the coolness and familiarity of an invincible warrior.

"A thousand pardons, Baron," said

Madame Dubreuil, "but I cannot now grant you a long interview. I am absolutely obliged to go out—some indispensable affairs."

"There is one more indispensable than all the rest—and it is precisely that I am come about. But I will be brief: I will speak to you with the frankness of a soldier—When is our marriage to take place?"

"We can talk of that another time."

"Excuse me! My love cannot accommodate itself to these indefinite delays: I have already waited four months. I have resolved upon being married within the next three weeks; consider if that will suit you. I must however, with the candor of a soldier, warn you that should you not consent, I have another party quite ready! She is a widow, not to be compared with you, certainly, but still will make a very agreeable substitute. You have the first offer, but I must have your prompt determination, and I give you till six o'clock this evening, when I shall expect your irrevocable answer."

"Very well," replied Madame Dubreuil.

"Do you authorise me to hope?"

"Have I not 'till to-night to decide? Juliette take my muff and put it into the carriage."

"That would make a magnificent cap for a grenadier," said Mr. de Grany; "what a pity that it should be employed for idle show. But you like these muffs, you ladies; they serve you for hiding places! it is into these things your love letters are slipped; ah! take care not to let me catch you at it! when I am your husband I shall inspect your muff."

When Madame Dubreuil had got rid of the Baron, who accompanied her to her carriage, she looked after him with a contemptuous smile, and exclaimed, "the simpleton!"

But she did not mean to say by that she would not marry him! Men with thirty thousand francs a year are not easily found, and a woman who must live in luxury,

who must have her carriage, must learn to tolerate even a ridiculous husband.

Theobald was rich also, but Madame Dubreuil had not seen him again, and doubtless he had forgotten her.

These reflections made her melancholy, and to divert her attention she ordered the coachman to drive her to a sumptuous shop in the Rue Montmartre. Here they unrolled before her piece after piece of costly stuffs, which she turned over with a careless and disdainful air. After having purchased some five or six dresses, she looked round to discover where she had laid her muff. At that moment she observed a young man going out of the shop, who strongly reminded her of Theobald. Unfortunately she could not see his face. Should it be him?

Agitated, distressed, she regained her carriage, and whether it was mechanically, or whether she felt cold, she put both her hands, which she had not done before, into her Muff, here she found a paper; it was a letter, which she eagerly read.

"You know my love for you. It is time to put an end to torments which I can no longer endure. If you have any pity for me, if you do not reject the offer of my hand, come to-night to my sister's, where I will wait for you. One word will save me from despair. Should you not come I shall know how to consider your absence, and you will hear no more from the unhappy

THEOBALD."

"It was Theobald! I was not deceived!" exclaimed Madame Dubreuil. "At his sister's this evening—I will be there."

And in the meantime, in order to prevent all disagreeable rencontres, and to prepare properly for her coming happiness, Madame Dubreuil at once wrote to the Baron these simple words:—

"I will not marry you."

And then, at the appointed time, she went to Madame de Mérance's house, who happened to be alone, and received her with the cordiality of an old friend. "It is an age since I saw you lovely widow. Have you only just arrived from the country? They say that this winter

is to be very brilliant. Shall I tell you a secret? I am quite tired of being a widow, and am thinking quite seriously of marrying again. What do you think of it?—By the by, have you received a letter from my brother, from poor Theobald?"

"Certainly, and it is that letter which brought me here."

"To offer your congratulations? Yes, he has made a capital match—she is a country girl, but is worth a million francs."

"What can you mean?"

"Oh, you must know, as you have received the letter from Bordeaux, where Theobald has just married a rich heiress."

Madame Dubreuil was petrified.

"Ah!" continued Madame de Meranges, "he had other projects formerly, and I did think that I should have you for a sister-in-law. One evening last spring the poor fellow was waiting for you here until past midnight. The next morning he set off for Italy, and you know the rest."

Madame Dubreuil understood in a moment that the letter had remained in her muff since the last day of the last winter.

Theobald had placed it there while it lay on the table at the Marchioness de L's, and the weather was unfortunately so fine that Madame Dubreuil had no occasion to make use of it—she hardly put the ends of her fingers into it. Odious spring! why didst thou come a day too soon?

Madame Dubreuil passed an agitated night, and the next morning, very early, having reflected maturely that there was no remedy for an evil that had already occurred, she made up her mind to write again to the Baron.

"I wished to try you last night. If you are not dead, from despair, come and receive my consent to your proposal."

"I am not dead," replied the Baron, "but I did not understand that you meant only to try me; and not having any time to lose, I have just now officially addressed a letter to the other widow, Madame de Meranges—you are therefore, too late. I have pledged my word, and an old soldier does not trifle with that."

Two husbands lost!! This will teach the ladies not to lay by their muffs without examination, and to take special care that nothing unread is left in them.

THE INFANT AND THE ROSE.

BY SEBA SMITH, ESQ.

I saw a blushing, vernal rose,
In all its new-blown charms arrayed,
And in the arms of soft repose
Beneath that flower an infant laid.
I gazed on each in wild delight
For both were lovely to the sight!

I look'd again, and autum's blast
Had stript that rose of all its charms,
And death with withering power had past
And clasped the babe in icy arms.
Now where the leafless rose bush sighs,
Low in its grave that infant lies.

How nature's cruel law, I cried,
Cuts short the hours of beauties reign;
But nature's cheering voice replied,
They both shall live and bloom again—
The one in spring shall grace the grove,
And one shall smile in courts above.

THE Ghibellines.

A FRAGMENT OF A TUSCAN TALE.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"His name's Gonzago.—The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian."—SHAKESPEARE.

TEN thousand lights burned throughout the Alberoni palace, and all the nobility of Florence flocked to the bridal of its wealthy lord. It was a fair sight to see the stately mirrors which spread their shining surfaces between pillars of polished marble reflecting the gay assemblage, that, radiant with jewels, promenaded the saloon, or wreathed the dance to the witching music of the most skilful minstrels in all Tuscany. Every lattice was open, and the eye, far as it could reach, wandered through illuminated gardens tenanted by gay groups, where the flush of the roses, the silver stars of the jessamine, the crimson, purple, orange, and blue of the variegated parterre were revealed as if the brightest blaze of day flashed upon their silken leaves. Amid all this pomp of beauty and splendor the bride moved along, surpassing all that was fair and resplendent around her by the exceeding loveliness of a face and form, to which every eye and every heart paid involuntary homage. At her side appeared the exulting bridegroom, to whom, however, more it should seem through diffidence than aversion, her eyes were never raised; for though Count Alberoni had advanced beyond the middle age of life, yet he still retained the majestic port and commanding lineaments for which he had been distinguished in early youth; his riches rendered him all potent in Florence, and none dared dispute with him the possession of its fairest flower. Intoxicated with the pleasures offered at the banquet and the ball, whatever of envy or of jealousy might have been hidden in the bosoms of the guests while contemplating the treasure which the triumphant Alberoni had snatched from contending suitors, it was concealed, and the most cheerful hilarity prevailed. Yet, amid the general expres-

sion of happiness, there were two persons who, attracting notice by the meanness of their attire, and the melancholy gloom upon their countenances, seemed to be out of place in so joyous an assembly. They were brother and sister, the descendants of Ghibellines, who died in exile, and distant relations of the count, who not choosing to regard them as heirs, had, when the abolition of a severe law enabled the proscribed faction to return to Florence, afforded them shelter and protection. Meanly clad in vestments of coarse serge, there were yet no cavaliers who fluttered in silk and velvet who could compare in personal beauty with Francesco Gonzago; and the bride alone, of all the beauties who shone in gold and silver, appeared superior in feminine charms to the lovely Beatrice, notwithstanding that her cumbrous robe of grey stuff obscured the delicate proportions of her sylph-like form. Buoyant in spirit, and animated by the scene before her, occasionally a gleam of sunshine would irradiate her brow as she gazed upon the sparkling throng who formed the brilliant pageant which so much delighted her; but as she turned to express her feelings to her brother, his pale, pensive features and the recollection of the intense anguish which wrung his heart, subdued her gaiety, the smile passed away from her lip, the rose deserted her cheek, and she stood by his side sad and sorrowful as some monumental statue. Many persons grieved at the depressed fortunes of the once powerful Gonzagos, but there were others who sneered at their present degradation, enjoying the cruel mockery with which Alberoni had forced the man who had cherished hopes of succeeding as heir-at-law to his immense estates, to witness the downfall of those flattering expectations. Few and slight were the salutations

which passed between the dejected pair and the more illustrious guests ; but as the bride made the circuit of the apartments, she paused when approaching her husband's neglected relatives, and raising eyes swimming with drops of sympathy, greeted them with unaffected tenderness. Francesco was unprepared for the gentle kindness of her address ; his stern heart melted, his proud glance suddenly changed to one of gracious courtesy ; he gazed upon her as upon some angelic being sent down from heaven to soothe and gladden his perturbed soul : and henceforward he saw nothing in the glare, and the crowd, and the splendor around him, save the sweet face and the delicate form of the Countess Alberoni ; his charmed eyes followed her from place to place, and so entirely was he engrossed by one object, that he did not perceive that the attention of Beatrice was almost wholly occupied by a young and sprightly cavalier, who pursued her like a shadow, pouring tender tales in a not unwilling ear. Group by group the guests retired from the festive scene, and the brother and sister, scarcely able to define the new feelings which sprung up in the heart of each, quitted the magnificent palace to seek their forlorn abode. A pavilion, nearly in ruins, was the sole shelter which the proud lord of Alberoni afforded to the only surviving branches of his family, when returning to their native city they found their patrimonial estates confiscated, and themselves dependent upon the niggardly bounty of a cold and selfish relative. Slowly recovering from a severe wound which he had received in the wars of Lombardy, and disgusted with the ingratitude of the prince he served, the ill-starred Francesco was at first rejoiced to obtain any refuge from the storms of a tempestuous world ; and the unceasing efforts of his young and affectionate sister to reconcile him to a bitter lot were not wholly unavailing. Summer had spread her richest treasures upon the lap of Nature ; and the fairy hands of Beatrice transformed the bare walls of the dilapidated edi-

fice which they inhabited into bowers of luxuriant foliage ; the most delicious fruit also, the spontaneous product of the garden, cooled at some crystal fount and heaped with flowers, tempted her brother's languid appetite ; and waking the soft notes of her lute, she soothed his desponding spirit with music's gentlest sound. Fondly trusting that Francesco might be won to prize the simple enjoyments of which fortune could not despoil him, and to find his dearest happiness in an approving conscience, the light-hearted girl indulged in delusive hopes of future felicity. But these expectations were soon damped : as Francesco's health returned he became restless and melancholy ; he saw no prospect of arriving at distinction by his talents, or by his sword ; peace reigned throughout the Tuscan states, and the jealousy of the government of all who bore the mark of Ghibelline extraction, forbade the chance of successful exertion and honorable reward : his days were spent in moody abstraction, his nights in feverish dreams ; his misfortunes, his accomplishments and his virtues failed to excite affection in the breast of his kinsman, who, jealous of the youth and personal attractions of the man apparently designed to be his heir, grew uneasy at the thought of benefitting a person he had learned to hate ; and suddenly resolving to cut off at once the presumptuous expectations which the luckless exile might have cherished, exerted the influence procured by his wealth to form an alliance with the most peerless beauty which the city boasted. A new source of anguish added to the misery already sustained by the wretched Gonzago ; his mind was paralyzed by the utter hopelessness of any attempt to emerge from the obscurity to which fate had condemned him ; he brooded over the dismal future which opened before him ; and, as a solace to these gloomy meditations, suffered his imagination to dwell upon the charms and graces of the lovely Giacinta, his kinsman's gentle bride. He saw her sometimes flitting through the myrtle

groves which skirted the neighboring palace; and when night favored his concealment, he would approach the marble porticos to catch the sound of her voice as, accompanied by a lute, she wasted its melody upon the silent stars. Beatrice, in the mean time, experienced only in the pale brow and haggard form of her brother an alloy to her happiness. Alessandro, the young heir of the Orsini family, had abandoned the gay revels of Florence to share the solitude of the despised Ghibellines; and although there seemed to be little chance of ultimate triumph over the obstacles, which opposed themselves, to an alliance between the prosperous scion of a noble house and the unportioned orphan of a banished man, yet hope preponderated over fear, and, blessed by her enchanting smiles, the lover indulged in delightful anticipations.

* * * * *

Again was the Alberoni palace illuminated by innumerable tapers; again were the glittering saloons filled with all the noble population of Florence. A second nuptial feast, more splendid and joyous than the first, was celebrated: again Giacinta, lovelier than ever, shone as the bride, and by her side a cavalier appeared, whose summer of life was better adapted to match with her tender years than the mature age of her late husband had been.

The Count Alberoni Gonzago was dead; and Francesco succeeding to his wealth, had obtained the hand of his widow. Beatrice, also a bride, followed in the train of the Countess, but followed more like a mourner at some funeral solemnity than as the newly wedded consort of the husband of her choice. Francesco all smiles and triumph, as he stood with the fairest hand in Florence hanging on his arm, proudly greeting the guests who crowded to pay him homage, turned frequently, and cast looks of piercing ex-

amination and reproach upon his pale and trembling sister, and, as if fascinated by his glance, she would rally her failing spirits and smile languidly upon the bridegroom, who bent over her enamoured; and then, as if beguiled from some painful contemplation by the sweet accents of the man she loved, she became calm, and her quivering features resumed their wonted placidity. But these moments of tranquility were of short duration; she started at every shadow; the flash of one of the jewels which brodered her satin robe would cause a fit of trembling; and at length, when seated at the banquet opposite her brother and his bride, a richly clad domestic offered wine in a golden goblet: for a moment she held it to her lips, and then dashed it away, exclaiming—"It is poison! Hide me,—save me. I see it every where: in those green leaves from whence it was distilled.—Oh! Francesco, Francesco, let us be poor and happy!" The guests shrunk aghast from the speaker, who, falling from her seat, expired in convulsions.

The power conferred by Gonzago's immense riches silenced the whispered murmurs of the assembly. No man rose to higher eminence in the state than the idolized husband of the beautiful Giacinta; but a dark cloud hung upon his house, his children were all cut off in their infancy, and, after a few brief years of outward felicity, struck from his horse by the fragment of a building which fell upon him as he rode in pomp through the city, he received a mortal wound, surviving the accident only long enough to unburthen his soul to his confessor.

His dying words were addressed to Alessandro, from whom since the hour of his nuptials he had been estranged; pressing his hand, he exclaimed—"She was innocent! she heard not of the murder until it had been accomplished."

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION
OF
SÁLVIA LINARIOIDES,

[LINARIA-LIKE SAGE.]

Class.
DIANDRIA.

Natural Order.
LABIATEÆ.

Order.
MONOGYNIA.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Calyx*, ovate, tubular or campanulate, bilabiate: upper lip entire or tridentate: lower one bifid; throat naked inside. *Corolla* with an enclosed or exerted tube, which is equal, ventricose, or widened, sometimes furnished with a ring of hairs inside, sometimes naked or sometimes furnished with two teeth or processes on the lower side at the base: limb bilabiate; upper lip erect, rarely spreading, straight or falcate; entire or emarginate: lower lip spreading, shorter or longer, with the lateral lobes oblong or roundish, spreading, reflexed or twisted erectly, the middle lobe usually the broadest, entire or emarginate. *Rudiments* of superior stamens wanting, or small and club-shaped: lower two always fertile, inserted near the throat of the tube; filaments short, horizontal, rarely erect, articulated with the anther at top, and usually drawn out beneath the articulation, rarely almost continuous. *Anthems* dimidiate; connective elongated, linear; articulated, transversely with the filament, ascending under the upper lip of the corolla, and bearing at the top a linear, adnate, or versatile fertile cell, and deflexed or erect behind, and sometimes bearing another smaller cell, which is either fertile or deformed, and empty; free, but usually combined together, or connate in various ways. *Disk* of *Ovarium* glanduliferous in front. *Style* ascending, bifid at top: lobes sometimes subulate, equal, or the superior one is longest, and sometimes the lower one or both are rounded, dilated, and flattened. *Stigmas*, for the most part, minute, terminal, or in the larger part running along the lobes of the style. *Achenia* ovoid, triquetrous, dry, glabrous, usually very smooth.

SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—*Plant* shrubby, evergreen, smooth, growing about a foot high, and branching very freely. *Leaves* opposite, scarcely petiolate, entire, approximating to a spatulate form, obtuse, very slightly crenate, much and distinctly reticulated; upper ones simply ovate. *Calyx* with five nearly equal acute segments, green, with brown margins. *Flowers* spicate, verticillate, mostly three in a whorl. *Corolla* two-lipped; upper lip ascending, cucullate, hairy; lower one distant, drooping, with two short oblong lateral lobes, and deeply divided at the extremity.

The very elegant species of *Salvia* to which we would here give publicity, claims all the best characteristics that can impart value to a greenhouse shrub. It has an infinitude of branches which are disposed in the most orderly yet natural manner, it flowers with the greatest exuberance, and for several months, while it retains its foliage throughout the winter, and has always a cheerful appearance.

The ordinary culture of greenhouse plants can-

not fail to suit our present subject. A compost of loam and heath-mould, with which a tolerable share of sand is mingled, should be supplied yearly, in the early part of the season, as it is more forward than most plants; on this account it must be kept in a perfectly cold house or frame, with very little water, and in a spot close to the glass throughout the winter, otherwise it will form sickly shoots, when it ought to be dormant.

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION
OF
THE CORRÆA HARRISII.

(MR. HARRIS'S CORRÆA)

CLASS.
OCTANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER.
RUTACEÆ.

ORDER.
MONOGYNIA.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Calyx* cup-shaped, four-toothed or entire, permanent. *Petals* four, somewhat connivent at the base, or joined into a long tube. *Stamens* eight, equal or larger than the petals; the four opposite them shortest; *filaments* smooth, awl shaped, or dilated above the base. *Ovary* four-lobed, densely beset with stellate hairs, and as if it were furnished with a calyptra. *Style* four-furrowed, smooth, terminated by a four-lobed stigma. *Fruit* of four capsular carpels; *cells* truncate-compressed. *Seeds* two or three in each cell, shining, fixed to the inside.

SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—An hybrid production, remarkable chiefly for its vigorous, compact habit, handsome foilage, and large uniformly crimson flowers.

This extremely handsome hybrid, so far excels all the authenticated species of *Corræa*, that its cultivation may be expected soon to supersede that of its parents. It is named after the gentleman in whose collection it first flowered.

The practice of hybridization is yet avowedly in its infancy. The extraordinary eccentricity of its results, and the truly wonderful improvements on old plants that are apparent in their progeny, will, we have no doubt, soon turn the

attention of cultivators generally to the system.

It is gratifying to mark the noble traits which this operation elicits. In *Corræa Harrisii* there is a boldness of habit, a luxuriance of stems and branches, a size and liveliness of foliage and a showiness of the inflorescence, which may be sought in vain in the most cultivated specimens of either of the parent species.

Corræa should be planted in a rather loamy soil.

OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea—over the sea,
Lies the land that is loved by me,
A sunnier sky may be o'er my head,
And a richer soil beneath my tread,
And a softer speech in my ears be rung,
Than the notes of my own wild mountain tongue;
But never, oh never, so dear to me
Can the loveliest spot in the wide world be,
As the bleak cold land where the heather waves
Round the place of my birth—o'er my fathers' graves.

Ocean is wide, and his storms are rude,
And my heart feels faint in its solitude,
To think of the terrible gulph that lies
'Twixt me and all that my soul doth prize:
And I gaze for hours on the measureless deep
Till my heart could break, though I cannot weep:
And I feel the desire of my soul is vain,
That the land of my sires I shall ne'er see again,
That my tomb shall be hollowed where now I stand,
And my eyelids closed by some unknown hand.

Mark not the spot where my bones are laid,
Whether it be in the dark forest shade,
Or fast by the beach which the wild wave lashes,
Or deep in the pass where the hill torrent dashes,
Or high on the cliff where the eagle sweeps—
What matters it where the stranger sleeps?
But over the sea, over the sea,
How then shall my chainless spirit flee
Back to the land that I love so well,
To the craggy steep and the heathy dell.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—BALL DRESS of rose-colored satin with a double jupe of plain lace, looped up with roses; a cape of Brussels lace falling from the shoulders. Head dress of bird of Paradise and ostrich feathers.

2.—Dress of white crepe, with double skirt ornamented with passementerie and falling cape of rich blonde, trimmed also at the sleeves and round the skirts with blonde.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, DECEMBER 29, 1842.

Mon cher Monsieur,—Since my last letter there has been no material change in our fashions, with the exception that the paletot as I have long predicted is beginning to supersede the camails and bournous, which have hitherto borne the sway in our best circles. My own opinion is, that before the winter has passed away, we shall see no other covering than the paletot, which is really a very pretty thing when well cut, and in such a manner as to be worn over every description of toilette, without detracting from the apparent height of the wearer, or rendering her figure thick or dumpy.—We have seen it in satin, velvet, or Cashmere, with the ends rounded or squared at bottom in front, and trimmed and lined with fur, and the effect was very successful. In fact, the paletot is the reproduction of the witchoura in everything but the name and the slight modifications which fashion has given to it, and, as such, it may be safely characterised as the prettiest promenade toilette which a woman can adopt. It is something more, it is the triumph of fur; for in order that the paletot may be really handsome and rational it must be lined with chinchilla or ermine. We have seen several of this sort from one of our most famous establishments, in velvets of all colours, and in satins of every variety of beauty. Those which have the turn-backs lined with ermine are often accompanied with a pelerine of the same; and when that is the case an ermine muff becomes an indispensable adjunct.

Lace still remains as much in favor as ever, more particularly the berthes and lace mantles, in the style of Louis XIV., to be worn with robes of velvet. Points d'Angleterre to be put upon rose satin or blue, with white spots, or Alençon for trimming robes or wedding robes, entirely made of Brussels application, are still the height of fashion. I should remark, that the corset of white satin is becoming an indispensable article among such of our belles as wish to be considered as quite *comme il faut*; they certainly give to the bust an elasticity which agrees well with the present fashion of long waists slightly bent forward. I do not know that I can indicate to you any particular change, either in the texture or fashions of the articles mentioned in my last letter. I should, however, not forget to mention the gloves and trimmings now worn, and some of which are just being sent into Germany to a crowned head. These have a trimming of black lace lined with rose-color, and relieved with rose-buds; others are trimmed with lace, with ribbons, and embroidered with bunches of fruit; others, again, are finished in a white jais, with tassels of silver and falling tassels; or with garniture *à la pretresse*, or garniture *à la vieille*, composed of blonde and ribbons. The Armenian turbans are still much in vogue. They are made of velvet of various shades, embroidered with gold, and adorned with magnificent tassels of the same, which are made to fall a little behind the neck. Nothing however, exceeds the elegance of the coiffure marquise, which is one of those things which combine the extreme of elegance and simplicity. Figure to yourself a capote of rose satin, lined with bias of rose-colored gauze, of which the various prominences are formed of branches of fruit of the Acacia in rose velvet, and you will imagine one of the most charming *negligés élégants* in the world. I must also observe that for fashion-

able flowers roses are still the predominating mode. We see them placed as garlands upon lace robes, or thrown as it were by chance among the hair, where they have an effect incomparably beautiful.

In ball dresses I have not yet remarked much difference since my last letter, excepting, perhaps, some slight ornaments formed of ribbons upon tulle or of flowers upon gauze, which, after all amount to but little, and which require to be seen to be appreciated. But it is otherwise with a most charming and elegant ornament of our ball costumes, which I will now endeavor to describe: it is a garland of artificial flowers, arranged either lengthways from the bottom to the top on each side of the skirt, or as detached bouquets surrounding the bottom of the robe, or of Pompadour garlands fixed upon the front of this robe, all of which have a most enchanting effect, and are really novelties. Some of these wreaths are of Mulberries with velvet leaves, others are garlands of May roses, with their light and transparent appearance, whilst some are only bands of small rose-buds, which surround wreaths of ivy. All these are exceedingly beautiful, and, upon a handsome woman, are perfectly classical and charming ornaments.

I must give you a description of costumes which appeared at a late representation at the theatre Italien, where it was my good fortune to be present. In an adjoining box I remarked a costume which appeared to me to possess in equal proportions the charms of novelty and good taste. It was composed of a robe of cut velvet, formed after the Greek, in front of which glittered a brooch of most splendid brilliants, arranged in a fashion entirely new. The same lady wore with her hair, which was arranged in round bands, an English coiffure, ornamented with a wreath of roses, over which the lace was turned back, and which had a very particular and charming effect. Not far from us another toilette arrested our attention. It consisted of a robe of satin Pompadour, cherry-coloured and white, with small sleeves draped with lace. The berthe had a double row of point d'Argentan; the skirt opened on the side upon a bouilloné of white satin. Upon the head was worn a coiffure of velvet, having at the back a border of silver, the front ornamented with a hanging plume. In the same box was a young lady dressed in a robe of sky-blue gauze, with three flounces; the corsage was half high, the sleeves short, draped, and ornamented with knots of ribbons. Her coiffure was *à la Sevigne*, the hair adorned with a crown of two branches in mixed flowers, of which the effect altogether was very striking.

As regards the ornaments and trimmings most in use amongst the *élégantes*, I have been much struck with coiffures and trimmings for robes composed entirely of feathers, and of flowers made of that material; nothing can surpass the elegance, the airy lightness of this description of ornament, which, I assure you, at the present moment plays a very important part in the dresses of our Parisian belles. I cannot conclude my letter without remarking upon the extreme to which the luxury of pocket-handkerchiefs is carried at present; they are, as regards workmanship, taste, richness of ornament, and trimming, really wonderful.

In conclusion, let me, my dear monsieur, offer you the compliments of the season, and a happy commencement of the coming year.

WALTZ.

FROM ROBERT LE DIABLE, ARRANGED BY TOLBECQUE.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a piano (left) and treble (right) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment, while the treble part has a more melodic line with some triplets. The second system continues the melodic development in the treble. The third system shows a change in the piano part's accompaniment. The fourth system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The score is enclosed in a decorative border.



WOMAN'S EYES.

'Tis sweet to haunt the craggy shore,
 Where fierce the ravenous surge expires:
 'Tis sweet to view from mountains hoar
 The shatter'd cloud, the lightning's fires:
 Or on the storm vex'd wintry deep,
 To mark the hail shower lash the wave;
 Or where the desert squadrons sweep
 To mix in conflict with the brave.

And, ah! 'tis sweet when all is still,
 And golden stars are met on high,
 To linger on the dusky hill,
 And gaze upon the tranquil sky;
 Where, through her cloudy veil, the moon
 Peeps from her lattice, like a queen,
 That, hiding from the glare of noon,
 Is wrapt when night o'ershrouds the scene.

But sweeter far than this, than all
 That poets sing or worldlings prize,
 To catch at dawn or evening's fall,
 The light that beams from woman's eyes!
 Go bearded Chald, adore the ray
 That bursts above the orient main—
 My thoughts to other idols stray
 My soul is bound in woman's chain.

THE ARTIST,

FOR

MARCH, 1843.

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TO THE LADIES.

1st. MARCH, 1843.

Having completed our first volume, we trust our fair readers will acknowledge that we have, at least, fulfilled the promises we made to them.

We are glad to perceive that our project, of giving engravings of flowers, has proved so popular as to induce other magazines to imitate us. The wild flowers we have introduced into our work, have been merely as accessories, or ornaments; whilst, in our botanical plates, the flowers are essentially those of cultivation.

We trust, also, that our other engravings have met the approval of our subscribers. We have, by the variety of their subjects, endeavored to please all tastes, and, in the fashion plates, have always given the latest and most elegant costumes received from Paris.

In the literary department we have presented articles from several of the most popular American writers, and have laid under contribution the productions of some of the most celebrated European authors. In our pages will be found translations, both in prose and verse from the French, Italian, German, and Spanish languages.

In our second volume, of which this is the first number, we shall endeavor more and more to improve the art of engraving in colors, which we have introduced into this country; and shall produce a series of embellishments of an entirely novel and elegant description.

F. QUARRE.

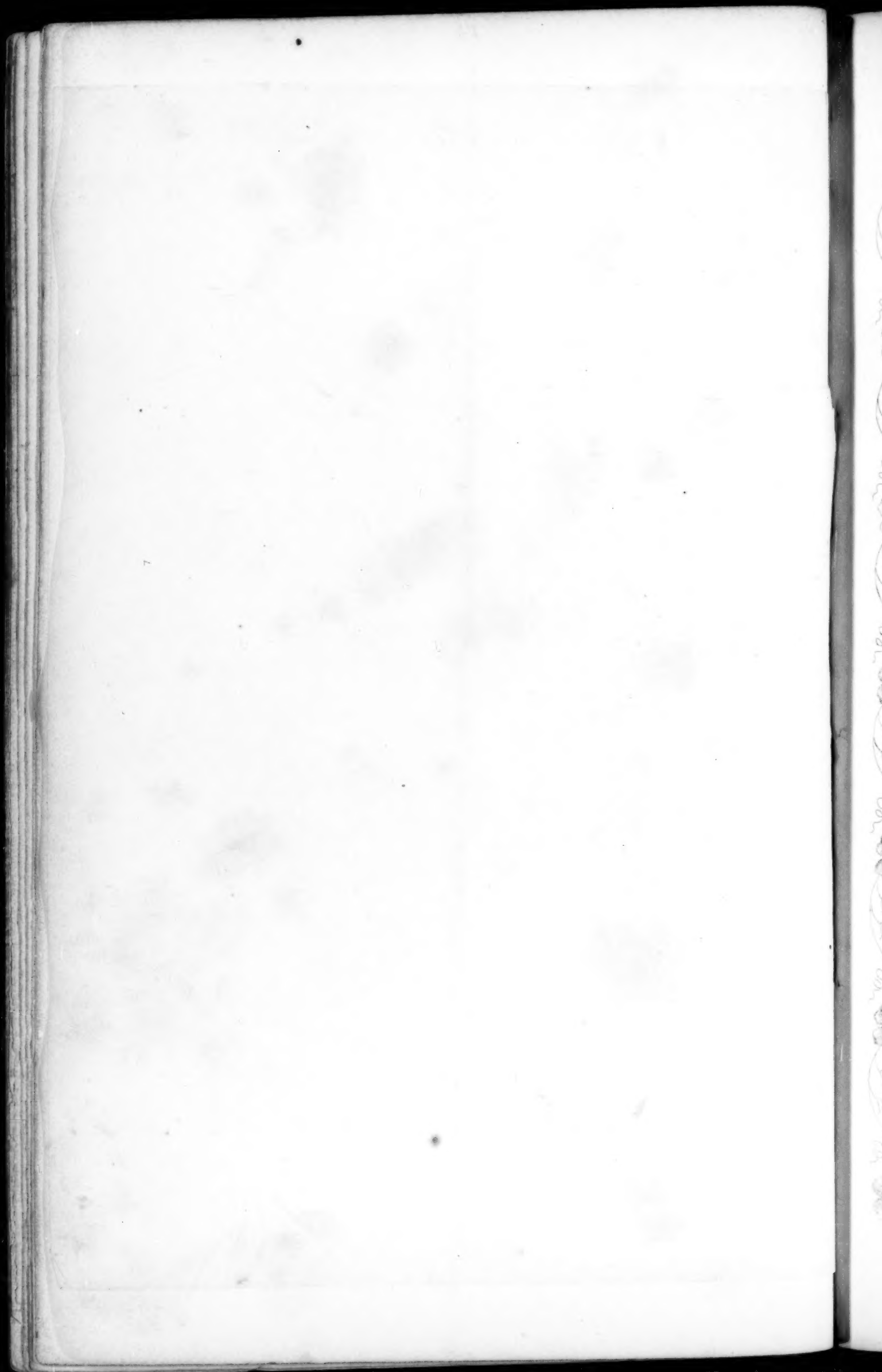


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